Vol. IX.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00 One copy, one year, . 3.00 Two copies, one year, . 5.00

No. 443

THE SHRINES OF SONG.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

Open the gates to the unseen land,
Oh! guardian angel of time!
I almost hear on the shadowy strand
The sound of a mystical chime.
Over the waves of the river of sin,
Come to this earthly shore,
And thy whitened shallop shall bear me in
To the golden glory of the Evermore.

A shadow came over my weary eyes—
A halo of dreamland peace—
Like the setting sun in the summer skies
To the tired day gives sweet release.
The fairest of cities rose up to my view,
With palaces peaceful and white,
And under the shade where the lindens grew,
Bright flowerets gleamed in the purple light.

In bright festoons the amaranth hung,
Above on the branches of green;
In every tower soft music was rung
From a chorus of bells unseen.
Close by a stream in this city of gold
A temple arose in the sunset bright;
Above it the clouds like chariots rolled,
And glittered like stars in the arctic night.

There came to me then a fair white form—
"This is the shrine of song!" she said,
And like the sunshine after a storm,
A brighter look her face o'erspread.
"Forth from those towers perpetual song
Flows free as the mountain streams;
Glorious visions the mind doth throng,
And break o'er the soul ecstatic themes.

"Hither the minstrels of earth do come,
And donning their crowns of gold,
They echo their songs from turret to dome,
And sweep their harps as in times of old!"
E'en as she spoke, from out the shrine
There rolled a tide of heavenly song,
And the silver bells from the tower's chime
Echoed their strains as they flowed along.

'Here I will stay!' to my guide I said;

"Here every grief I'll forget!"
But softly she placed her hand on my head
And whispered: "Oh! child of earth, not yet.
The vision was ended; my dream was o'er;
I awoke to walk again
On the flinty rocks of an earthly shore,
That echo with shrieks of pain.

Franz,

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE;

THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "SILVER SERPENT," "FIRE-FIENDS OF CHICAGO," "STAR OF DIAMONDS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI. THE DEATH-CART.

THE Death-cart of Pierre Plaque came gliding noiselessly along at full speed, a lean black horse stretching his lank legs in a breakneck trot, as if to cut a path directly through the

closely-packed humans crowding ahead.

This vehicle was painted entirely black and highly polished, mounted on two tall black highly polished, mounted on two tall black wheels having long, thin spokes and broad tires; the top of the affair being open and tilted toward the rear, like an ordinary cart. Inside was a stool also black; across the front a black plank seat; and on this seat sat Pierre Plaque holding and jerking a pair of black reins that

holding and jerking a pair of black reins that terminated, amid a profusion of plain black harness, at the curb of a black bit.

Pierre Plaque wore a cone-shaped soft woolen cap of black, which dangled and bobbed behind in an immense ball-button. He wore no coat, but a black vest flapped open, and under the vest a black cloth shirt buttoned tight up in the throat. His skinny legs, in black, shrunken pants, were drawn up until his heels pressed the front-board of the cart and his toes projected like two spear-points. His fingers, with arms extended, twined, like a bunch of bleached eels, even fiercely round the reins. One eye, from the effect of a deep scar thereon, was widely distended and seemed to look far to the front; the other eye, small, keen and shrewd, appeared to take in every object near. His forehead was high, nose hooked, chin disfigured by a monstrous wart, and this wart danced up and down as his cadaverous mouth opened and shut, while he screamed shrilly: while he screamed shrilly

"Make way, there! make way! Where is Jean Arnold, the detective?"

Coming thus suddenly and unexpected, and so grotesque in appearance, and as if from the center of the flames that a few seconds past had deluged the air with heat, smoke and smell—for these flames were now panting themselves for these flames were now panting themselves out—Pierre Plaque reminded one of a diminutive devil rising, with skip and scud, from the regions of perdition, whose brimstone fires he breathed and lived in.

But the swift, noiseless black Death-cart, and the ording one over of the shringled driver care.

the ogling one eye of the shriveled driver crouched upon the seat, at once betrayed the familiar presence of this recent introduction by order of General Cluseret, and the words with which the ugly anatomy greeted the mass of men and

women, were taken up and echoed ferociously.

"Where is Jean Arnold, the detective?
Bring him out that we may strangle him!"

"Hold hard, Pierre Plaque!" cried the burly fellow who had figured upon the hogshead, checking the snorting horse by a gripe that nearly threw the animal backward. "Hold! there is time enough for Jean Arnold."

nearly threw the animal backward. "Hold! there is time enough for Jean Arnold—"

"But you were right on his heels—he could not get away!" squealed Pierre Plaque.

"True. He is now in that abominable restaurant, which we shall presently tear to the ground if he does not come out—"

At this juncture the disguised negro wearing the turban and carrying the eimeter, who happened near the Death-cart when it stopped, flourished his weapon aloft, and shouted:

"Death to Jean Arnold! Down with the detective!" which was repeated by a hundred screeching throats.

We have caught another as good," continued the burly Frenchman, who maintained his hold upon the bit while he spoke with Pierre



Not far in the rear of these two riders, sped the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque in hot pursuit.

"Oho! another as good!" echoed the Death-cart driver, cracking his knuckles in evident glee; then he stood up on the seat, rubbing the sides of his hooked nose with thumb and finger, and casting his small, keen one eye hither and thither, as if in search of the "other as

inning to caper in excitement, "Franz buin is a good catch. At him, my brothers! Mind not those little barkers. Hand him up to me. I have heard much of but never saw this redoubtable. Franz Edouin. Capture him, by all means. Now then—now then—at him all!

Franz had emptied the last chamber of his weapons and now grasped them by the barrels to use as billies. But a score of bloodthirsty men were upon him ere he could strike a blow, and he was pressed to the earth by an overwhelming mass who struck, kicked and belabored him so everely that his immediate death seemed immi-

ent.
"Save him for me!" shrieked Pierre Plaque, rising on tiptoe, and sawing the air with his at-tenuated arms. "Save his life. Get him into the Death-cart!"

the Death-cart!"
In answer to the loud cries and frantic gestures of the Death-cart driver, the burly Frenchman left the horses' head, and was elbowing, squeezing, fightning his way toward the prostrate form of Franz Edouin; his huge fists ascending and falling, sawing and hammering in mighty sweeps and rib-digging pokes, until, reaching the doorway and standing astraddle of the fallen man, he bellowed:
"Stand back all! Come within reach of

"Stand back all! Come within reach of these big paws, and I will mash your heads like so many grapes in a wine-press. Keep back—you hear? We want this man for the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque: afterward, you may hang, drown or shoot him, as you please."

Partly awed by the brawny arms and scowl-

Partly awed by the brawny arms and scowling visage of the gigantic rascal—who was a most popular leader of this particular riot—and tickled with the idea of riding the detective through the streets of Paris in Pierre Plaque's Death-cart, the mob, swayed by both inducements, howled with one voice. ments, howled, with one voice:

"Yes! Into the Death-cart with this detestable detective! In with him! and afterward we may shoot, drown, hang or strangle him.

we may shoot, drown, hang or strangle him. Live Pierre Plaque!"
Unfortunate Franz Edouin heard these cries and thanked Heaven that even a few moments more of life were left to him. Bruised from head to sole, he was not yet insensible, but, at the time, unable to speak or rise.
"Toss him over here!" called Pierre Plaque.
"By the old bones of the catacombs! we shall give him a ride, then build a guillotine with—Ha! the very thing!"—espying the supposed

Hal the very thing!"—espying the supposed negro and the cimeter he carried. "The very thing! Come here with that sword of yours. It will fashion a guillotine to cut off the head of this miserable detective!"

At one bound the black fellow leaped into the cart saying willingly:

cart, saying, willingly:

"Ay, Master Plaque, we'll ride him first in
the Death-cart, and then cut off his dog of a
head. Bravo! Bring us the detective"—the
last to the French ruffian who, half supporting
Franz Edouin, whose arms were pinioned, was
now forcing the victim forward.

When seated helplessly upon the stool within the dreaded Death-cart, the very soul of Franz Edouin recoiled, and a shiver like the ice of death convulsed his frame. He saw no mercy in his captors, and therefore shut his eyes upon the whirling scene.

He had heard of Pierre Plaque's Death-cart. He had heard of Pierre Plaque's Death-cart. The had heard of Pierre Plaque's Death-cart. The had heard of Pierre Plaque's Death-cart. The had heard had been made unharmed?"

A Thrilling Story of the Commune. thither, as if in search of the Commune. The BRIDE of the Commune. The Bride of the Commune "Who is he? Where is he? We shall have him in my Death-cart in a trice, and take him a jolly ride before we spike his head on one of the barricades. Oho! by the bones of the catacombs! I see—you have not got him yet." And then for the first time he noticed the body of men surging before the doorway, heard the pistol-shots of the assailed detective, and the sullen murmur that demanded vengeance on Franz Edouin.

Franz had not been idle. His revolvers, of finest American make, were belching to the right and to the left, and several dead bodies were strewn prone around him, as if, indeed, he would carry out his threat to build a rampart of corses as high and as strong as the front of Mont Valerian.

"Hoh—o!" piped the Death-cart driver, now beginning to caper in excitement, "Franz Placus aver behold Franz Placus aver behold Franz Valerian and to serve the malice of certain underlings of the Commune it was frequently used. It had hauled several wretched men from the Depot des Comdumnes, Mazas, and other prisons, to destinations as yet unknown to the thieves, felons and lesser desperadoes and viragoes their ruling and ruining Paris, and any one once riding behind Pierre Plaque, in his somber vehicle, was never seen nor heard of again. Quite soon, therefore, the conveyance was known by every one in the city as a veritable Death-cart. But Franz Edouin had never till now beheld the dried, shriveled, vindictive driver of the Death-cart, for only with the uprise and devastating horrors of the red-flagged Commune had Pierre suidently sprung from obscurity to notoriety, winning for himself a name of malicious cruelty.

winning for finiseit a name of finished elty.

Nor had Pierre Plaque ever beheld Franz Edouin, though having heard of his famous exploits in the role of a detective, and now that he had this noted personage in his cart, with the prospect of seeing him speedily beheaded, he stooped and bent his ugly little shape, and peered, with his still uglier face, into the countenance of the captive. Then, at one glance, he started back as if he had seen a ghost.

"Oho! that face!" he sputtered, in English.

tenance of the captive. Then, at one giance, ne started back as if he had seen a ghost.

"Oho! that face!" he sputtered, in English.

"By the bones of the catacombs! I have seen it before. But that I saw a certain woman die—and she was poisoned, I believe—in a certain house in England, I would swear that this Franz Edouin is that same woman in disguise. It cannot be, though, for I am sure I saw her die. Yet what a strange resemblance."

It must be stated here that Franz Edouin, though tall and finely developed, muscular and brave, had a smooth, effeminate face, made more so by the long, loose brown curls hanging disheveled full below his coat-collar. With his eyes now closed to shut out the horribly suggestive tumult surrounding him, and his usual stern and flashing glance hidden, this womanly estive tumult surrounding him, and his usual ern and flashing glance hidden, this womanly appearance was more striking than ever, and forcibly reminded Pierre Plaque of some one he

forcibly reminded Pierre Plaque of some one he had seen poisoned to death.

"Come—be jogging along there!" growled the rufflan Frenchman, jumping from the cart and slapping the horse with his open palm.

Plaque slid onto his seat and gave the reins a violent jerk. Away went the cart, with the crowd on either side, hooting like demons and throwing both epithets and missiles at their captive. The supposed negro stood behind the prisoner, over whose head the cimeter flourished anon in gleaming circles, threatening to decapitate him with each sweep.

anon in gleaming circles, threatening to decapitate him with each sweep.

As they moved ahead amid the cries, howls, screams and yelps of the insane throng, some of whom carried torches and blazing brands, Pierre Plaque continued to mutter to himself, in the English language:

"How strange! What a resemblance! Who can he be? so like the woman I saw die dead, dead, dead, in Englan!, years ago." But be he whoever he is, he is now in my Death-cart, and that is the last of him; for whoso rides on that stool back there, rides to his or her death. So I shall bother my brains no more about him."

As Franz Edouin was thus being borne along to a doom he dared not imagine how horrorful, feeling that naught but a miracle could save him, and still keeping his eyes closed upon the

him, and still keeping his eyes closed upon the boisterous mob, he became aware that a strong hand was griping and pinching him upon the shoulder, as if by way of a signal. Presently his veins thrilled, as a low-toned, familiar voice

this veins thrilled, as a low-toned, familiar voice uttered in his ear:

"Have hope, Franz. The course is toward one of our Bureaus of Commissaire de Police; even now the red square lantern is in sight, and these murderers have no heed which way we these murderers have no heed which way we go. I have a sharp and ready blade to cut your

"Jean Arnold" exclaimed Franz, in the same guarded tone and without turning his head. "How, under Heaven, are you here at my side and unharmed?"

Jean Arnold was silent. He already feared that his brief communication with the prisoner had been observed, for Pierre Plaque was at that moment gazing intently at the supposed negro, with his small, keen one eye, seeming to have scented or discovered something suspiscented or discovered something suspicious.

> CHAPTER VII. THE ESCAPE.

THE ESCAPE.

The mob was now approaching one of those Bureaus of Commissaire de Police which abound at convenient points in Paris, where persons may lodge complaints or seek information of lost or stolen articles, and generally obtain satisfaction, for the reason that the Gardiens de Paris, local and imperial, were alike in being everywhere and among all classes, high and low, to such perfect extent, and in such cunning disguises, as rendered any task in their line of duty comparatively easy to perform.

While Franz Edouin gave himself to hope that he might escape—stealing a covert glance at the lantern ahead and keeping his ears alert for the expected signal—Pierre Plaque was neglecting his horse, allowing it to pick its own

for the expected signal—Pierre Plaque was ne-glecting his horse, allowing it to pick its own way, and was keenly scrutinizing the supposed negro, his second companion in the Death-cart. In the jostling, squeezing and rubbing of many bodies, the lampblack which made Jean Arnold appear to be a very black negro had been scraped upon his face, and, unknown to him, there was a great white smear on one cheek, betraying the true color of the skin be-neath.

Pierre Plaque, casting a look over his shoulder to make sure of the safety of his prisoner, had been arrested by the too-vehement behavior of the negro, and at once observed that white smear on the latter's cheek. Having now an opportunity to scan more closely the features of the man he imagined was a genuine negro, and aided by the blazing brands and torches of the mob, he saw that the smear was neither paint, chalk nor dirt, but that the owner of the black face wore a white skin under it.

"Oho! my lark," thought the Death-cart driver, turning his gage in another direction that

ver, turning his gaze in another direction, that ver, turning his gaze in another direction, that the supposed negro might not have a suspicion of his discovery. "Aha! my bird. I have two whites in my cart. One is masquerading. What for? Am I blind? Oh, no. One stroke of that cimeter, and Franz Edouin, this rat-of-a-detective, is free. A friend who runs this risk to save him. A bold friend. I see. Ha! ha!"—a low chuckle—"Now I shall give them both to this thirsty rabble. Not a rib nor a nail will they leave. Let me show my masquerading they leave. Let me show my masquerading fellow a trick. I will take this street ahead. Hollo, there!"—in his loud, cracked voice—"turn to the right.

to the right."

"Turn to the right!" passed from mouth to mouth above the din of voices.

During Pierre's discovery that he had two white men in his cart instead of one, he had permitted his horse to walk, while the mob, on a half-run, kept forging ahead; so that by the time the corner was reached—which was but a few yards from the Bureau of the Commissaire de Police—scarce a dozen remained around and behind the prisoner in the Death-cart.

behind the prisoner in the Death-cart.
"This bit of information," chuckled Pierre,
"I shall keep for the rabble until we are at the spot of execution. Then we shall have a double exhibition. By the bones of the catacombs! it will be sport—rare sport. Oho!"

He was cut short by a sudden and shrill voice

And simultaneously Pierre Plaque was knocked headforemost from his seat, falling under the wheels of the cart, which passed over him and

wrung forth a squeal almost unearthly in its

The cimeter of Jean Arnold cut the bonds of Franz Edouin, and the latter, armed with a sharp, long dagger, followed his friend in a quick, irresistible assault upon the few of the mob who were yet in the vicinity of the Death-

quick, irresistible assault upon the few of the mob who were yet in the vicinity of the Deathcart.

This attack, with cimeter and dagger, both keen, well-handled and unsparing—the opposing rufflans having nothing but frail sticks and half-burnt brands with which to defend themselves—not only overwhelmed them with surprise, but laid many of them bleeding on the pave, and cleared a path for escape ere the painful screams of Pierre Plaque, or the angry chorus of others for help could apprise the great body of the mob of what was transpiring.

"Quick, Franz Edouin!" called Jean. "Look! The door of the Bureau is opened for us, and they are barring the iron doors for defense."

At the moment when the mob drew near there were a score of Gardiens de Paris congregated in the Bureau, and a few had come out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. It happened that those assembled had not yet cast their destinies with the Commune, notwithstanding that new power had proclaimed itself the champion of individual liberty, the rights of conscience and the energy of order; in fact, were on this night debating the wisdom of such a course, as a premise to final action. Not yet being identified either way, and recognizing a part of the destructive element of the Commune in the approaching crowd of rough, flend-like men and women, and perceiving the Death-cart, with whose brief and abominable record they were both familiar and disgusted, they were even on the point of charging the mob—though it might have required the whole four thousand five hundred police of Paris to disperse them—when the two men made that bold dash for liberty which excited the admiration of lookers-on, and caused many to cry, encoursgingly:

"Hollo! this way. Make haste!"

many to cry, encouragingly:
"Hollo! this way. Make haste!"
Others, foreseeing an attack upon the Bureau, as a result of sheltering the two fleeing men, prung to double bolt and bar the heavy win-

In fewer seconds than it requires to tell it, Franz Edouin and his friend, panting and exhausted, were safe behind the massive door, against which rattled and railed the impotent bullets, stones and chagrin oaths of the infuria-

against winch rattice and raised the impotent bullets, stones and chagrin oaths of the infuriated mob.

"Jean Arnold, I owe you my life."

"There, friend: you would have done the same for me. Hark! something fresh is happening without."

The disappointed mob, bent upon forcing an entrance, and replying in like to the pistolshots poured upon them from the upper windows, failed to perceive a body of horsemen that swept into the street at a gallop round a distant block. The first apprisal they had of the new-comers was when a hundred sabers flashed from their sheaths and dropped to headlevel as a bugle-blast ordered the charge.

"The National Guard!" Yelled the panic-stricken rioters, who broke and fled precipitately.

Slashing thuds and groans of death mingled with hearty oaths where a sudden jam was mistaken for a rally of resistance; thundering hoofs and riging steel hore down the fleeing horde.

taken for a rally of resistance; thundering hoofs and ringing steel bore down the fleeing *horde*.

Then a saber hilt rapped at the Bureau door,

and a voice commanded:

"Open to the National Guard!"
General Cluseret, during his brief career as
Delegate of War, was too shrewd a soldier to
care to lose the four thousand five hundred
trained police of Paris in the coming struggle,
and this detachment of the Guard, which arrived so opportunely, had been dispatched to ascertain the sentiment of this particular pre-fecture, and make prisoners such as were anta-

gonistic to the Commune.

While the Guards were routing the mob, Franz Edouin and Jean Arnold were making their way to the rear of the building. This unfortunate affair has delayed me sev-"Ins unfortunate affair has delayed me several hours," remarked Jean, as they emerged upon an alleyway where all was still and dark, and nothing but the rumbling explosion of big guns at the west of Paris broke the silence of the night.

After so much noise and excitement, the pre-cinct of this deserted alley seemed like the reess of a grave.

Delayed you in what, friend Jean?" ques Delayed you in what, friend Jean? questioned Franz, glancing about him as if fearful of the presence of some lurking spy of the mob. "I was intrusted, at sunset, with a dispatch from Cluseret to the Assembly at Versailles, being instructed to return by daylight. I will now have a hard ride of it."
"To Versailles," exclaimed Franz. "Why.

To Versailles!" exclaimed Franz. "Why,

"To Versailles!" exclaimed Franz. "Why, it is my very direction."

The message intrusted to Jean Arnold was a notification from the Executive Committee, over the signature of Cluseret, treating for a suspension of arms at Neuilly, that the old men, women and children, non-combatants, who had lived and starved for weeks in cellars, might be permitted to enter Paris. This first messenger never reached his destination, which may explain, partly, why, on the appointed morning. never reached his destination, which may explain, partly, why, on the appointed morning the Versaillese were supposed to have violated a sacred armistice by continuing the cannonade from Mont Valerien and other batteries.

"How happened it, friend Jean," continued Franz Edouin, "that you are cast so soon and willingly with the Commune?"

"Unhappily so, you may add. Ah! it was my brain to the rescue of my neck. I could not avoid it"—and Jean sighed deeply, as he paused at a drinking trough to wash the black stain from his face.

"Your true sympathies, then, friend Jean, are not with these—"

are not with these—"
"Butchers?—no. Alas, poor France. Who shall rebuild thy glories, since our Napoleon is gone? Hist! was not that some one moving in

gone? Hist! was not that some one moving in the shadow there?"

"Perhaps a cat. The interest is at the front of the Bureau. No one would come here. Dear friend, I, too, am bound for Versailles. In your true ear I may whisper: certain Imperialists, ready to avail of anything that will relieve Paris of this horrid Commune, have intrusted me with information hitherto known only to the emperor himself, and which will afford vast asemperor miseli, and which will allow in sistance to the Versaillese. Thiers is now in Saxony. When he returns, and our approaches are complete, that wonderful man will make known his plans, which, all feel, are to restore law and quiet to our now bloody streets, even

In my jaw I wear a hollow tooth, and in that tooth I carry a cipher of the information I speak of. Come—to Versailles! We go together."

nold, as the two came from the rear door of the Bureau.

"A merry pair!" he gibbered, rubbing his fingers over and over, like a squirrel nibbling a nut. "To Versailles, eh? He has a hollow tooth in his jaw. Franz Edouin, then, is a confirmed spy against the Commune. Oho! my birds. But you may not reach Versailles. I owe you for these half-crunched ribs, my friend with the black face. By the bones of the catacombs! I thought myself a dead man when that wheel sawed across my stomach. We shall see whether you reach Versailles. A gay pair, forsooth!"

Within an hour two men, fully armed, were galloping for a less frequented road to the southwest of Paris, pausing only to exhibit passports, then dashing on again at full speed.

Not far in the rear of these two riders—and noiseless save for the rathling strokes of horsehoofs—sped the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque in hot pursuit. The beast's ears lay flat to his head, and his tail flowed straight in the wind. No whip nor spur was needed, but the voice of the impatient driver caused him to leap like a hound on a fox's trail. Pierre Plaque drove a wonderful horse. The horse, cart and driver being well known no time was lost in stopping for passports or passwords, and he was steadily gaining upon the two horsemen.

for passports or passwords, and he was steadily

gaining upon the two horsemen.

Two men accompanied Pierre Plaque, and, as if by a devilish chance, they were the same who had been missioned, by the man in the doorway of M. Achefort's house, to follow and assassing the France Edward.

ate Franz Edouin
"I have heard it said," grumbled one of the
assassins, "that whose rides in the Death-cart
of Pierre Plaque, that is the last of him or her. I hope the saying may not come true for us,

comrade."

"Mon Dieu! I could not afford it. For, in case we do not succeed in killing this man we are after—who is Franz Edouin, the famous detective, and for whose death Monsieur De Vin will pay well—I have another task to perform, which is, to advise Helen Varcla, the actress, of the hour when he returns to Paris, for which notification she, also, will pay well. I think that Helen Varcla owes him a grudge, though she expressly said: 'Do not kill this man, but watch him for me.' Pietro, our comrade, is at Rouen on a similar mission—watching a man for Helen Varcla. Whether we kill Franz Edouin or not, I am sure of a reward; and you, my brother, can share it with me."

am sure of a reward; and you, my brother, can share it with me."

"I like that. Good. We have two chances." Pierre Plaque paid no heed to this conversation. His keen, small, one eye glanced eagerly ahead, while he urged on his galloping horse; and only once he squeaked:

"If we can catch them before they reach the cross-road they will never reach Versailles."

"And why the cross-road, Pierre!" asked one.

"You are a grand fool! They will have the army of the Versaillese to back them. See! there is the cross-road, and now we are within a hundred feet of the rascals. Ha! get your weapons ready."

pons ready."
Saying which, Pierre Plaque drew from his belt a monstrous pistol carrying a bullet as heavy as a rifle-ball. Evidently, the Death-cart driver was no coward, withal his sly, wicked, calculating nature.

Presently the night air reverberated with the loud crack of the pistol, and a hissing messenger of death sped toward the fleeing horsemen. Simultaneously sounded a cry of agony from a man's lips and a snort from a mortally wounded horse. The large bullet had done a double deed.

There was a stumble, a struggle and a cloud

Into this cloud of dust plunged Pierre Plaque, for he could not check his racing beast. Over and into a horse and man went the Death-cart and its occupants, turning a somersault and crashing to the ground in a wild, wrecked, jumbled mass, making thicker the cloud of dust that enveloped a scene of murder and quick retribution.

Only two living forms at last extricated themselves from the town of accident and discrete when the selves from the town of accident and discrete when the selves from the town of accident and discrete when the selves from the town of accident and discrete when the selves from the town of accident and discrete when the town of accident and discrete when the town of accident and the selves from the town of accident and discrete when the town of accident and the selves from the town of accident and the selves of dainty jumbles and kisses as went into Aunt Polly's pantry on Thursday, never went there before.

Busy fingers flew their swiftest to get the table ready, and busy tongues asked a thousand questions, to which Aunt Polly and the selves from the town of accident and the selves from the selves from the town of the selves from the town of the selves from the s

Only two living forms at last extricated them selves from the tangle of accident and death; one the horse of Pierre Plaque; the other one of the assains—the one who had spoken of a bargain with Helen Varcla, the actress, as also one with Monsieur De Vin.

"Mon Dieu" groaned the wretch, feeling his bones, to see if he was really unhurt. "Everysholes, the other man, Pierre Plaque and my comrade. Hal a thought, I must reach Versalles. Somebody, no doubt, will find these dead bodies and bury them. I must reach Versalles. Somebody, no doubt, will find these dead bodies and bury them. I crement would be performed that night.

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Mon Dieu groaned the wretch, feeling his bones, to see if he was really unhurt. "Everysholes, the chief maxious indights are planted to before I had lost the start wanted yet. But if you must know, he's gone over to C—ville. He'll be actively and the proposed by solos.

With a cry she leaped by him out of the carning eyes.

With a cry she leaped by him out of the carning eyes.

With a cry she leaped by him out of the carning eyes.

With a cry she leaped by him out of the carning eyes.

With a cry she leaped by him out of the carning eyes.

With a cry she leaped by him out of the carning eyes.

"He matters little, doctor. It was business that must be attended to before I had lost the start with the cruel, unjust world, and questions, to which Aunt Polly would as eat, hiding his face with his hands from heraccing eyes.

With a cry she leaped by him out of the carninge from the speaker's eyes, and ran to where Egbert lay under the the cruel, which have the cruel, which had the cruel, which had the cruel, which had the cruel with the cruel which had the cruel with the cruel whit had the cruel which had the cruel with the How she knew that he would leave Paris is a se-

While speaking thus aloud he had caught the

ing upon the animal's bare back dug his heels into the panting ribs.

Far down the road a single horseman, now nearly lost to view, was galloping rapidly toward Versailles, and on went the lucky assassing ward versalles, and on went the lucky assassin in hot chase, heedless of occasional shots from ambushed pickets by the roadside.

"On to Versailles! On to Versailles!" he spluttered and gasped; and with every word he gave the mad horse another dig with his heels.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 441.)

The Parson's Choice.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

church, it would be well to mention the matter," returned the good deacon.

"All right, you kin talk it over. As fur as I'm concerned," and in her earnestness Aunt Polly Palmer dropped the apple she was peeling before converting it into a dumpling for the parson's dinner, and stood with her hands resting on her hips, to talk to the bland deacon, "as fur as I'm concerned, I'd be glad to see Mr. Howland git married! Not that he's the least bit of trouble as a boarder—I never did see a man easier to please! Why, I may go to work and fry chickens, and make hot biscuits and coffee for supper, and pile on all the table will hold, and I do believe in my soul he'd be just as well suited if I'd give him only a slice of cold bread, and a glass of milk and a saucer of brries—as I was sayin', I never did see a man so easy to please! But, land's me, deacon! if you jest could see the way all the young gals, yes, and some that's old enough to know better, does rum after and bedevil that poor man, settin' their caps fur him."

"Yes! yes! that is one reason why we suggest a slight change—just one reason sister."

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though his government be obnoxious to many. And as for slippers, and handkerchiefs, and collars, and neckties, he's got enough to set up a shop with. And, don't you believe, deacon Con-way, only yesterday Bell Burleigh brought over ther."

As they left the alley a small, wriggling figure crept forward and stole after them round the fence-wall. Even in the thick gloom of the alley it was impossible to mistake the ugly little shape of Pierre Plaque, the Death-cart driver. Among the first to save his precious neck, when the detachment of the Guard charged the mob, he had turned the near corner and darted into the dark alley, just in time to shelter himself from discovery by Franz Edouin and Jean Arnold, as the two came from the rear door of the Bureau.

"A merry point" to the dark and they was worked with scarlet monkeys, playin' fiddles, onto black velvet. Jest think o' offerin' fiddlin' monkeys to a minister o' the Gospil! Mr. Howland was out when she come, an' so she left 'em fur me to give him. An' when I heerd him in his room, I took the tongs and carried 'em in, fur I didn't want to tach the onrighteous things, an' you jest ought to 'a' seen him laugh!"

"I dare say," said the deacon, laughing himself at Aunt Polly's spirited recital.

ought to 'a' seen him laugh!"
"I dare say," said the deacon, laughing himself at Aunt Polly's spirited recital. "But time presses, sister Palmer. If you will just mention presses, sister Palmer. If you will just mention to brother Howland that I am here—or shall I go up to his room?"

"Yes, go up! go up, and I'll stand guard below."

low."

The deacon accordingly went up to Mr. Howland's room and there imparted the delicate errand with which he had been intrusted. Namely, that while the church was greatly edified and pleased with their young pastor, they were sure that his usefulness would be greatly increased if he was a married man. They, therefore, if he was not entirely averse to so doing, asked him to take the question into serious consideration, and make such choice of a helpmeet as best suited himself.

Mr. Howland smiled, but did not say he was averse to matrimony, and did not seem to resent

averse to matrimony, and did not seem to resent the interference of his congregation. After a little discussion he summoned Aunt Polly to

join the conference.

"Brother Conway tells me you understand the matter in hand, Aunt Polly," said he, with a comical smile, which Aunt Polly also understood.

She nodded and smiled in return.

"Well, then, supposing I make a choice at once, are you willing to allow me to invite a few friends here on the occasion?"

"Certain! I'll give you a number one little weddin'-party, if that's what you mean," promptly responded Mrs. Palmer.

"I didn't call it a party. But I thought we might have a few friends if it were not too much trouble to you."

Good Aunt Polly declared it was not a trouble, but a pleasure to do anything for her minister.

but a pleasure to do anything for her minister. There was some further discussion held, and as a result, on Sabbath morning, after the last hymn was sung, Mr. Howland said that he believed the deacons had some announcements to make, and with the permission of the congregation, he would retire.

make, and with the permission of the congregation, he would retire.

A rumor of what was on the tapis had got round somehow, and the house was crowded, especially with young ladies. There was a perfect stillness, when, after Mr. Howland had retired, deacon Conway rose, and said that he had the pleasure of informing his brethren and sisters that their beloved pastor had in contemplation the important question of matrimony; and on Thursday evening, at early candle-lighting, if any of the friends present chose to assemble at the house of sister Palmer, he would make known his choice. Also, he had to announce, on behalf of sister Palmer, that a light refreshment would be provided for the company, and if any of the sisters would like to contribute to it, or assist in its preparation, she would be very grateful for their help."

The congregation was then dismissed, and the buzzing tongues loosened. Every girl in the house was curious to find out who the chosen one was.

was.
"Why, what a funny invitation to a wedding!" said Bell Burleigh.
"How do you know 'tis a wedding? He only said he'd make known his choice," snapped Aunt

Polly, "Well, of course that's what it means! Oh, Aunt Polly, you know who he'll choose! Do tell us, and I'll bring you the nicest cake you ever

"Sha'n't tell if I do know, only 'tain't me!"
was Aunt Polly's answer. And she mentally
added: "And 'tain't you, either!" But she didn't say that, for she did not want to destroy the
chance of Burleigh's cake, which she knew would

She was shrewd in her guess that she would have plenty of help. Such glasses of jelly, and crystal-clear dishes of fruit, such loaves of

formed that night.

But who was to be the bride?

The invitation had been made so very indefinite that many a feminine bosom fluttered with the hope that it might yet be herself, and never were so many white dresses worn on one occasion in that village, as came fluttering into Aunt Polly Palmer's little dwelling, on that evening

evening.
"Land sakes!" cried Aunt Polly, "he'd have to be old Brigham hisself, or one of his biggest elders, to take the half of 'em that's ready and

Almost all the company were assembled when a rumor ran round that Mr. Howland had come, but he had gone up-stairs, and Deacon Conway and Aunt Polly were with him.

The important moment must be at hand, and when a motion was heard on the stairs a hush fell over the crowd, and all eyes turned expectantly.

over the crowd, and all eyes turned expectantly to the parior door.

It opened—Deacon Conway and Aunt Polly

came in, followed by Mr. Howland with a sweet, modest little lady dressed in gray silk, eaning upon his arm.

leaning upon his arm.

"Friends," began the deacon, as the little party paused, "I have now the pleasure of presenting to you Brother Howland and his bride. Our pastor has been, for a long time, engaged to marry Miss Ella Lissom, of C—ville, and at the wish of his charge, he has hastened things a little and now present for several little. "WAL, now, Deacon Conway, I s'pose the man knows his own feelin's, and if he wanted to marry, he'd do it, without anybody's finger in the pie!"

"Certainly! certainly, sister Palmer! Still, as he might not know—the state of popular feeling, and—and—the—I may say, wishes of the church, it would be well to mention the matter." returned the good deacon.

"WAL, now, Deacon Conway, I s'pose the wish of his charge, he has hastened things a little, and now presents, for your love and friendship, Mrs. Ella Howland, who became his wife this afternoon, at her own home. Now, friends, your congratulations on our pastor's choice will be in order!"

Deacon Conway took his seat, and for an instant there was an awkward hush. Then somebody broke the ice, and all crowded forward

their caps fur him."

"Yes! yes! that is one reason why we suggest a slight change—just one reason, sister Palmer."

"William came ruining into the house the charity begin?" "At home." was replied, "in the words of the proverb." "Not by a good deal," rejoined the boy; "it begins at sea, (c.)"

Palmer."

"Wal, it's a good one, fur's it goes. Why, there ain't a day but what some one on 'em's a-trottin' in with some fool fancy-work, what hain't got no airthly use, fur the 'dear pastor.' His room's a sight with tidies, and brush-rack, and frames, and the Lord only knows what alii

A GLOVE'S CONFESSION.

BY HERMAN KARPELS.

She glided by me in the half,
And turned her had away;
But as she passed, I saw it fall,
And seized it where it lay;
A glove that she alone could wear,
Of dainty shape and size—
The impress of her hand still there
Enhanced to me the prize.

And proudly then I stood apart,
Alone, amid the crowd;
Her glove was folded on my heart,
And calmed its beatings loud;
And though she gave no smile to me,
As through the dance she swept,
Still as a pledge of what might be,
Her tiny glove I kept.

And oft I questioned it alone,
And loving charms would try,
Till fancy, to a climax grown,
Methought it made reply.
And told me how a blush would rise, When others spoke my name, And how her lovely hazel eyes Were downward cast for shame.

And further still, this traitor glove,
With charming candor toid—
"That maidens always yield to love,
If men are only bold!"
So never more will I despair,
Though obstacles combine,
And by this captured glove I swear
Its mistress shall be mine!

Elegant Egbert; THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

"WHO WOULD BELIEVE ME?"

"AH! Ma'am'selle Adele!" cried M. Bourdoine, "vat shall bring her at ze time inopportune! Messieurs, make vay to ze carriage."

He bent over her and would have lifted her from the ground, but a hand nerved like iron grasped him by the shoulder and drew him back. CHAPTER XXVII.

After the first deadly faintness and horror, Felix had broken away from Captain Hovey. No one but he must touch Adele. He had turned from her and tried to tear her from his heart, but he still had rights before the hands of

strangers.

Lifting her limp form in his arms, he bore her to the carriage, now empty, Mr. Scoville, the proprietor of the Metropolitan, having joined the gentlemen gathered about Egbert.

"Go to yonder carriage and get a flask of brandy, which you will find near the case of surgical instruments," he said to the driver.

While the man was gone, Felix entered the carriage and placed his burden in a reclining posture on the back seat, still supporting her head on his arm.

"Oh, my poor darling! will you ever forgive me?" he murmured, gazing into her wan face.

He kissed the pale lips again and again. It

might be his last opportunity.

'And have I killed your brother?" he sighed.

'Ah! what flend could have possessed me to fight with him? Why was not my arm paralyzed before it directed the accursed weapon? Oh, but it was my sister, Adele. He had wronged her beyond words. Think of her life, blasted."

"Here is the liquor sir."

"Here is the liquor, sir."
Felix started. He had forgotten everything save the girl he held in his arms.
Receiving the flask from the man, he poured a few drops between the lips of the unconscious girl; then bathed her temples with it and chafed her hands.

The girl moved uneasily, moaned, opened her eyes, gazed about wonderingly, recognized the face bending over her, started up, and shrunk shuddering away.

"Adele! my darling!" he pleaded, trying to take her hands.

"""" and me!" cried the circle wild.

take her hands.

"No! no! no!" cried the girl, wildly, shrinking back with horror. "Do not dare to touch me ever again! Your hands are stained with his blood! Murderer! Do you hear?—

murderer!"
With a groan Felix sunk back on the forward seat, hiding his face with his hands from her ac-

"Oh, no: not there: He is there? Let the stay with my brother."

"You must be very quiet, then, and not disturb him when he recovers."

"I will be quiet."

"Jackson, can you improvise a litter with the tongues of the carriages? There is a house not far from here to which we can carry him. It would be denocype to attempt to more him to

would be dangerous to attempt to move him to the city, now; but with proper care this wound need not prove fatal, though it is certainly cri-tical. The ball has passed above the heart. I shall probe for it as soon as we get him to

The latter part of the doctor's speech was addressed to the other gentlemen. Colonel Jackson had immediately gone off to make the litter, as soon as he learned what was required

The tongues of two of the carriages were removed and laid side by side. The whiffle-trees were then bound across them about six feet apart, and over this structure was stretched the structure was stretched. horse-blanket, making a very comfortable behind her

was not the first time Colonel Jackson had had the supervision of a like device.

The wounded man was carefully placed upon the litter, and four men bore him to a small cottage farm-house, perhaps a quarter of a mile

up the river.

The farmer's wife gave up two of her best rooms, and Adele entered upon her duties as nurse, which were destined to hold her for seve-

The duel was over. Felix went home and shut himself up in his library. He resolved to arrange his business so that he could go abroad for two or three years. In a week's time every-

The girl complied.

"I wrote this on the night of the fifteenth," he went on, "and just before our meeting Felix promised that he would not oppose its delivery after my death. I want you to read it now, and when I am dead take it to her."

With trembling fingers Adele drew forth the inclosures. They consisted of a letter in Egbert's handwriting and a document showing that his name had been changed from Charles J. Wells to Egbert Stanhope by act of the legislature of Maine.

She was not loth to make this proud wife suffer some.

Sibyl started and withdrew her hands from her face. But she recovered herself, and said:

"Men do not die of heartache."

"Have they not told you?" asked Adele.

"Of what?"

"A duel!"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"Day before yesterday."

"And with whom?"

Having gathered the import of this last document, Adele kissed her brother with grateful tears in her eyes. Here was one point, at least, cleared up.

cleared up.

Then she set to work to read the letter eagerly. But she had read scarcely a page when she

ly. But she had read scarcely a page when she cried:

"Oh, Bertie! you are innocent! I knew it! I knew it! Oh, I should never have entertained a moment of doubt, if you had not seemed to confess it yourself! And even then I could not bring myself to see how it could be possible. Oh, my darling!"

And casting herself on her knees at the bedside, she fell to sobbing and kissing his hand.
"But why did you not tell us?" she asked.
"All this suffering might have been prevented."

He shook his head

"Who would have believed me in the face of the brand of the law. No, there is no use. When I am dead perhaps she will try to make herself believe my innocence, and it may be some comfort to her."

"But our mother believed you, dear, and my father believed you, and I believe you!"

"It would have been here indeed, if my own mother had refused to be eme. As for your father this had been been as for your

he said. "Even when you did not turn from me

PRIDE AND LOVE.

WITH palpitating heart Adele found herself once more in the carriageway leading up to the mansion house of Riverside. When she alighted and ascended the steps of the veranda, her limbs trembled under her so that she could scarcely

support herself.
The maid who answered the bell hardly repressed a scream.
"'Fore de Lo'd! Missy Adele!"
And he
ond time:

knock.
She opened the door, glided in, and closed it behind her.
A creature pitifully wan and woebegone reclined in an invalid-chair, looking the wreck of our blooming Sibyl. Her eyes were red with constant weeping and her face was drawn with pain.

"For the folies of my youth I nave out one excuse—I was denied a father's care; and though I loved my mother tenderly, I rebelled against being 'tied to her apron-string,' so that their wisdom deserved.

"Looking upon pleasure as the end of living, my companions were selected from among what

infant, peacefully sleeping.

At sight of Adele the stricken wife started up with a faint cry, but immediately sunk back, al-

Before I had nothing to look back upon. Now the contrast would drive me to suicide."

"My brother, you are ill now. When you are well—"

"Would the return to health bring back her love and respect?"

"Bertie, she is your wife. Can the year of happiness pass for nothing? She must forgive you, dear."

A spasm of pain shot athwart his face.

"It is of this I wish to speak to you now. Have you forgiven me? Can you love a brother branded for forgery?"

She buried her face in the bedclothes to stifle the cry of pain that rose to her lips.

"I have nothing to look back upon. Now the fingers in the dainty lace wraps of the sleeping child. For days and weeks and months she had wrought, jealous that any hand but hers should fashion those delicate fabrics; and with every stitch was interwoven a dream for the future. Adas! how all had been biasted! And now she gazed at him as if somehow she had wronged him by giving him birth.

Adele gazed at her in wonder and pain. Her gentle nature could not conceive how pride could conquer love. She could forgive Felix anything.

But then there arose before her imagination the picture of her brother falling and fainting

Have you forgiven me? Can you love a brother branded for forgery?"

She buried her face in the bedclothes to stifle the cry of pain that rose to her lips.

"I have nothing to forgive," she said, when she could command her voice. "Nothing in the world could change my love for you. Bertie, can I ever forget? You did not shoot at him!"

A faint smile came to Egbert's lips.

"It was a slight return for all the misery I have brought you. Besides, could I shoot her brother?"

could conquer love. She could forgive Felix anything.

But then there arose before her imagination the picture of her brother falling and fainting with the bullet of his adversary lodged in his breast. And she shuddered. At any rate, she could forgive Felix anything.

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"But then there arose before her imagination the picture of her brother falling and fainting with the bullet of his adversary lodged in his breast. And she shuddered. At any rate, she could forgive him any injury to herself.

"But I love him?" of his adversary lodged in his breast. And she shuddered. At any rate, she could forgive Felix anything.

have brought you. Besides, could I shoot her brother?"

"Will not that plead for you, dear?"

"Adele, if Sibyl were to forgive a felon, could she ever respect him?"

"But a life of right living?"

"Could never blot out the recollection that her husband was branded by the law!"

Adele was silenced.

"Adele," said the sick man, presently, "in my portfolio you will find a large envelope addressed: 'To my wife.' Get it and bring it here.'

The girl complied.

"No!" said Adele, shortly. "He has no idea that I am here."

She resented the hardness that could stand out against Egbert.

All the hope died out of the wife's eyes. With a sob she sunk back and covered her face with her hands.

"You have not told a word about him yet," has he borne it?"

"He is dying for the loss of his wife and child!" said Adele, abruptly.

She was not loth to make this proud wife suffer some.

Day before yesterday."
And with whom?" Sibyl sat erect now, and was clinging to Adele and hanging upon her words with piteous

terror. "With Felix." "With Felix."
"Oh, Heaven!"
The distracted wife cast aside the shawls in which she was wrapped, and rose to her feet.
"And he is wounded!—dying! Take me to him at once! Oh, Egbert! my husband! my darling husband! that I should have turned from him! Oh, if he should die before I can get to him and tell him how I do love him, and ask his forgiveness. Shall we be in time? Help me, Adele!"

Adele?"

She tottered across the room to where a dress was lying over the back of a chair.

Now Adele's face glowed with happiness. A rippling murmur of delight and love issued from her lips. With a light step she followed her sister-in-law and clasped her in her arms.

"Wait, dear," she said. "There is no hurry. You cannot see him for two or three hours. He is sleeping. I have much to show you and say to you before you go. Sit down again, my love."

Tenderly she conducted her back, and Sibyl

"It would have been here indeed, if my own mother had refused to be. I mother must have induced him to make large oncessions, even at variance with his judgment. I can never be sufficiently grateful to him for his kindness. My own father could not have done more."

"But I, Bertiel There is nothing to induce me to believe you but my knowledge of your uprightness of character. And I believe you implicitly."

"But you are my little sister, Adele. And, don't you see? you have taken my bare word without having weighed the evidence."

"But she is your wife. Is she not as near to you as I? And has she not known you intimately for over a year?"

Again he shook his head.

"Tenderly she conducted her back, and Sibyl sunk almost exhausted in the chair.

"Take this wine," urged Adele, holding the glass to her lips.

"Take this wine," urged Adele, holding the glass to ber lips.

"Oh, that my brother should seek his life!"

"Hush, dear! don't thin! of that," said Adele, her face blanching with part the thought.

Then she told Sibyl all out the duel, and about Egbert's condition—has he was dying because he had no hope, and o wish to live.

"And the young wife listened wit. tears and murings of self-reproach.

"And now, dear," she concluded, "when he expected to go out to death he wrote an account of his past life for you. It was not to be given to you until he was dead; and even now he does not know that you will see it. But I have come to you on my own responsibility.

"But you are my little sister, Adele. And, don't you see? you have taken my bare word without having weighed the evidence."

"But she is your wife. Is she not as near to you as I? And has she not known you intimately for over a year?"

Again he shook his head.

"Every one has not your trusting nature," he said. "Even when you believed me guilty, you did not turn from me."

"Mand now, dear," she concluded, "when he expected to go out to death he wrote an account of his past life for you. It was not to be given to you until he was dead; and even now he does not know that you will see it. But I have come to you on my own responsibility.

"Sibyl, can you believe that he might be tried, convicted and branded as a felon and yet be innocent?"

"Yoo, no, I never really believed you guilty, Bertie. I always knew that somehow it couldn't be, in spite of everything."

"That is the difference of nature, love. You have no pride—only your gentle, clinging heart."

At this moment the doctor entered.

"What! talking?" he said, stepping quickly forward to feel his patient's pulse. "This will never do. You have worked yourself into a fever."

"Indicate the ingnt be tried, convicted and branded as a felon and yet be innocent?"

"Innocent!" repeated the wife.

"Yes. Think of the unspeakable wrong, if a man with a high sense of honor should have his life blasted at the very outset by such a charge as forgery—if he should be branded in the palm for a crime of which he was no more guilty than you or I! And then suppose that his own wife should side with the cruel, unjust world, and cast him off!"

Tears were streaming from the speaker's eyes, and her voice was broken by

and remorserul love that overwhelmed her.
"Oh, my darling!" she murmured, "can you
ever forgive me, if I have wronged you so
deeply?"
Turning after a time, she handed the package

CHAPTER XXIX.

A LIFE-WRONG. AND here was what Adele read for the sec-

"Is Mrs. Stanhope in her room?" asked Adele, hurriedly.
"Yes, missy."
"Say nothing to any one about my being here. I can find my way alone."
She slipped a piece of money into the girl's hand, and ran up the staircase and along the corridor until she reached Sibyl's door.
"Come!" said a faint voice, in answer to her knock.

She opened the door, glided in, and closed it.

my companions were selected from among what is known as 'fast' young men. At seventeen years of age I drank liquor and smoked tobacco with a faint cry, but immediately sunk back, alsost fainting.

Adele glided up to her, cast herself on her

with a faint cry, but immediately sunk back, armost fainting.

Adele glided up to her, cast herself on her knees on an ottoman at her side, and clasped the quivering, panting form in her arms.

"Oh! my poor darling!" she cooed.

And the other could only put her weak arms about the neck of his sister, and clasp her close, while she sobbed.

Presently she whispered:

"How is he?"

All her heart was in her words, and she all her heart was in her words, and she all her heart was in her words, and she all did not knowingly receive one penny of the single received from the bank was found on my person.

"It was hopeless to try to convince the world that I was not guilty; but, Sibyl, my wife! will you believe me when I declare, by our sad love and by the memory of my dead mother, that I was innocent? I did not indorse the check, and I did not knowingly receive one penny of the maker the white dresses which were worn in vain, they had the good sense not to show it then.

And if poor Bell Burleigh thought of the scarlet monkeys she had spent so much time over, in hope of something else, nobody was the beannest of good-humor, and as Mrs. Howland, are Miss Lisson, was a sweet little soul, and made friends wherever she went, before the balance of good-humor, and as Mrs. Howland, are Miss Lisson, was a sweet little soul, and made friends wherever she went, before the Parson's Choice.

WILLIAM came running into the house the other day and asked engerly: "Where does charity begin?" "At home," was replied, "in the words of the proverth." "Not by a good early regioned the boy," it begins at sea, (e.)."

A BRADTY who went to be plotographed at a seasic resort, after daing her seat in the chairs of tortue, was thus addressed by the insinuation of the content of the case of the way."

The moley of available time every dead where the benefit of the or two choices. The word of the way."

The colly drawback was Sibyl. She seemed threatened with a sever attack of illness. As yet she knew prothing about the duel. The body of the threatened with a sever attack of illness. As the while the sobbed. The while she sobbed. The while she sobbed. The while she sobbed. The she while the sobbed is the while she while the sobbed in the while she while the sobbed in the sobbed in the sobbed in the state of the third his show, and as the could look into the face of her sister-in-law.

All her heart was in her words, and she trembled like an aspen while waiting for the answer.

All her heart was in her words, and she trembled like an aspen while waiting for the answer.

All her heart was in her words, and she trembled like an aspen while waiting for the inswer.

While she whispered:

"He says that with proper nursing you will deighted, and earlied himself the she will be

portunity to put the money in my pocket, or to detect any one else in the act of doing so.

"But all this is now to no purpose. The past

"But all this is now to no purpose. The past is dead and buried.

"In my prison my mother visited me, in company with the man she afterward married, Col. Egbert Stanhope, Adele's father. Almost crazed with a sense of utter helplessness under monstrous injustice, I threw myself on my knees before them, and assured them of my innocence again and again by every sacred pledge I could think of.

"My mother believed me. Had she doubted."

"My mother believed me. Had she doubted me then I believe I would have committed sui-cide, if I had had to starve myself to death by

refusing food.

"As for Col. Stanhope, if he doubted my innocence, he dissembled his feelings. His love for my mother, which was extraordinary, may have led him to do that. Certainly he would have lost her as his wife had he acted otherwise then see he did

than as he did.

have lost her as ms whe had he acted otherwise than as he did.

"From whatever motive, he espoused my cause; and a father could not have done more for me than he did. But all proved of no avail. I was tried and condemned, and had sentence executed upon me—two years imprisonment and branding in the palm!

Under her trouble my mother was completely prostrated. For my sake she would have deferred her marriage, as if I had died. But I knew that she needed the care that only he could give her, and added my solicitations to his, so that her scruples were overcome; and I believe that the preservation of her life was due to the tenderness with which he watched over her.

"While I was in prison my mother visited me for an hour every day. This saved me from despair.

despair.

When my term was expired Col. Stanhope removed to the North with his wife and child, Adele, then a year old, and myself. By act of the Legislature of the State of Maine, he gave me his name. I shall never forget my mother's

me his name. I shall never lorget my mother's gratitude!

"My mother's very tenderness to me was a constant reminder of the cloud that had fallen upon my life; and I was seized with a morbid dread of every one who knew of the indelible brand in my palm. I longed to be alone among strangers. Seeing that I was sinking into a brooding monomania, she finally yielded to my incessant entreaties and gave her consent to my going abroad.

to my going abroad.

"For six years I wandered in a vast desert of humanity, never meeting a familiar face. I dared not make friends, lest they should learn dared not make friends, lest they should learn the story of that brand of ignominy that burned like a quenchless fire in my palm. As for love, how could I drag the woman I loved down to— Oh, God! Sibyl, my wronged wife! to the fate I have given you!

"After six years the man to whose generosity I owed so much died, and I was called home to console my widowed mother. She placed my sister Adele in my arms, and followed the man

console my widowed mother. She placed my sister Adele in my arms, and followed the man who had become necessary to her existence.

"I cannot tell you what a boon to my aching heart was the gentle, loving child of seven. I loved her and still love her second only to you. I dedicated my life to her, nor cared for the love of any other woman until I met you.

"Then, my wife, came the keenest agony and the greatest joy of my wretched life. You know the circumstances that brought us together. Had I been alone I might have torn myself away; but I saw that my sister was attracted by your brother, and he by her. This, together with the overpowering love I conceived for you at first sight, led me to temporize, and temporizing I became lost.

"My strange behavior when Felix proposed for my sister's hand was not, as you interpreted it at the time, chiefly due to pain at losing her, though I confess my heart turned sick with a sense of loss. But in my absorbing passion for you I had forgotten all about her possible love for Felix. It burst upon me a complete surprise, and with it came the thought that, after their marriage, the secret of my life might be discovered, and Felix in his pride might turn against me and perhaps treat her coldly, when he would break her heart.

"For the first time I saw that my life might prove a curse to her. Then, too, how could I be related to you, and meet you, as would be unavoidable, without telling my love? The two women whom I loved could reap only misery from association with me!

"Sibyl, when you came to me that night—

women whom I loved could reap only misery from association with me!

"Sibyl, when you came to me that night—when I saw in your face that you loved me, I became intoxicated with delight, and cast every scruple behind me. I swore then to possess you at any and every hazard. My secret might never be discovered, and if it was, your love might triumph over everything else, and we might be happy in each other, in spite of the world.

p to that time I was not sure whether of not John Boardman recognized me, though it was a constant dread. When he denounced me I was paralyzed. But you asked me to let my life be my vindication, and then I deceived your

This statement cannot alter the world's ver dict, but I write it in the hope that you will receive it into your heart, and that the belief that I do not merit your contempt may make your sorrow less hard to bear.

"Oh, my injured wife! now that I am dead—

for this will come to you as a voice from the grave—can you believe me!—can you forgive me! Think of the year that you have lain next to my heart! If I were infamous, would no word or look have betrayed me?—could I have deceived you so completely?—"

But here the reader was interrupted.

"No! no!" cried Sibyl, rising to her feet, now strong in her great love. "I have heard enough. Let us go to him at once. Oh! if a life of untiring devotion can repay him in part for all that he has suffered, I pray God to spare his life to me."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 434.)

A Touch of Jealousy.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"IF I had known you would care in the least, I would have declined Mrs. Colonel Agnew's in-vitation, but since I have promised, you mustn't be unreasonable, Lu.

A sparkle of indignation came into Lu Walters's velvety brown eyes.

"You were perfectly aware of my opinion, Harold. Look at me, sir! How would you like it if I were to go to such gatherings as this of Mrs. Agnew's without you, and receive the attention of other gentlemen?"

"I wouldn't give you the chance," smiled

uldn't give you the chance," smiled ale. "Id make it a point to be on hand and look after my own property."
"Yet you go to places which I do not attend
—which you would not wish me to attend."

"Only because I wouldn't choose for my fu-ture wife a young lady given to fashionable frivolity," Mr. Gale hastened to declare. "You know, dear, it was because you were such a modest little home blossom that I learned to

prize you so."
"Still you think it too much of a deprivation to give up enjoyments I may not share. I won-der what I may look for by-and-by if this is the

case now?"

"My dear Lu, you wouldn't enjoy yourself.
You would be out of your element. I don't care for this sort of thing myself, tired of it long ago, and I'll be bored to death, but I can't very well get around going since I've promised. I'll tell you, though, since you take it to heart so, I'll only drop in and make my excuses. How will that do?"

It was in the process of such its later than the process of such its later.

It was in the process of making his excuses to

It was in the process of making his excuses to Mrs. Colonel Agnew, apparently, that Mr. Gale should attach himself as the special attendant of a certain Miss Dubar, whose blonde beauty had very nearly insnared him the season before. "Do you know the horrible story I have heard of you?" asked Miss Dubar, with a flirt of her ivery fan. of her ivory fan.

"I am sure you wouldn't give anything bad about me a moment's belief."
"Certainly not. It isn't my way. I told Frank Howard it was rank treason if you had gone out of our set to get yourself engaged."
"Nothing but despair of winning where I wished to win could have driven me to such a step," declared Gale, with a pathetic glance.
"And this is the sort of flirtation which could induce him to break his word to me," thought Lu Walters, standing so near that she could have put out her hand and touched them from the screen of a rose-twined pillar. "Yes, I will waltz with you once, Clement," she answered her partner, and Mr. Harold Gale abruptly broke off the murmured conversation with Miss Dubar which, like anything else insipid and sweet herear to reall as the fleating rision in the screen of a rose-twined pillar. "Yes, I will waltz with you once, Clement," she answered her partner, and Mr. Harold Gale abruptly broke off the murmured conversation with Miss Dubar which, like anything else insipid and stream to the moment's belief."

Through the kind Velasquez had given to the maiden.

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Through the kind Velasquez had given to the maiden.

Through the kind Velasquez had given to the maiden.

Through the karkness they went, Nellie leading and a scended the walk toward the hacienda, ing the way, and in half an hour they arrived at the rock, overhanging the basin.

By means of the ropes the stores were lowered, and then, leading the way, the maiden descended the rope-ladder, adown which she was quickly followed by her companion.

"While you put your stores aboard I will get my boat, senor," and Nellie disappeared in the gloom, to appear a few moments later seated in him, in silvery accents and the Spanish valid about her head and shoulders.

A few steps nearer and a glad cry greeted him, in silvery accents and the Spanish valid and serion descended the American's hand, while he said pleasantly:

"Santissima! it is the Senor Edmunds!"

As she spoke the lady advanced from have put out her hand and touched them from the screen of a rose-twined pillar. "Yes, I will waltz with you once, Clement," she answered her partner, and Mr. Harold Gale abruptly broke off the murmured conversation with Miss Dubar which, like anything else insipid and sweet, began to pall, as the floating vision in shining white went past him clasped in a pair of masculine arms, with a handsome golden mustache almost brushing her dark-tressed hair. He gazed, half-doubting his own sight, then started up.

"Pardon me, I must go and speak to a friend," he muttered, and stalked away, leaving Miss Dubar piqued and resentful.

"Lu," he interposed, as she was leaving the floor, "you little witch, how do you come to be here?"

"By invitation," she answered, indifferently.
"Don't stop, Clement. We would only detain "Don't stop, Clement. We would only detain this gentleman, and he leaves in a moment as I

happen to know."
"I'll wait," the gentleman hastened to say. Come with me, Lu. Let me take you home."
"Thanks, no. I have an escort for the evenng. Are we to give Mrs. Agnew a duet,

"Hang Clement, whoever he is," muttered Mr. Gale, between his set teeth. "Lu, if you have any regard for my feelings you will allow me to take you in charge."

But Lu swept serenely past him, unheeding

But Lu swept serenely past him, unheeding his whispered protests, and Mr. Gale left the scene in a bitter mood, wretchedly jealous for the first time in his life. He was on hand and waiting for Lu at a most unseasonable hour next morning.

"Sorry if I was the means of sending you home early last night," said she, with sweet unconsciousness. "We left at four. The effect of moonlight in the morning is very striking, I find."

"Effect of Clement, more likely," growled Mr. Gale. "Lu, is that fellow to come between us? Of course if you prefer him—"
"Prefer cousin Julia's husband?" said Lu, with wide-open eyes.
"Is he? Oh, then I've made an idiot of my-

"Is he? Oh, then I've made an idiot of myself, but it's all right."

"All right? I am not so sure. Harold, I thought it well to show you that I can move in the same society you frequent if I like, but I regard it as frittering away time and opportunities which can be more profitably used. But if you find more congenial companionship there—Miss Dubar's for instance—and were driven through despair of winning her to me—"

"You heard that nonsense! See here, Lu, I was never so ashamed of myself in my life. I accept my lesson, so now make up, there's a darling girl, and I promise you shall never have reason to repeat it."

reason to repeat it."

Nor did she, for Mr. Gale found one little touch of jealousy an effectual cure.

UNSEEN AND UNSUNG.

BY JOHN H. WHITSON.

There is many a beautiful thought
That lies, like a deep-sea pearl,
Embalmed in the casket that God has wrought,
'Neath the ocean's rush and swirl.

There is many a motive grand, That lies but a lifeless seed, Awaiting the touch of a master-hand To wake it to living deed.

There is many a lovely bower,
Far, far from all human sight;
There is many, ay, many a flower,
Whose petals ne'er ope to the light.

There is many a silent bard Whose harp, with its chords unstrung, Hangs cold and mute; all its sweet tones marred; There is many a song unsung.

The Pirate Prince;

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE,"
"THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON
CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIAMOND DIRK," "THE FLYING YAN-"" "WITHOUT A HEART, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FLIGHT For some moments Roy Woodbridge and Nel-lie stood in silence, the twilight shadows deep-ening around them, and the waters of the basin growing darker and darker.

Then the maiden spoke: You wish me to go to Havana with you.

"Yes; you can aid me greatly."
"Then I will go, if my mother and the chief

"Then I will go, if my mother and the chief say yes."

"And if they object?"

"I will go anyhow, for Captain Rafael must not die, if any aid of mine can save him."

"Nobly said! Now I will leave you. Go and bring your prisoner at once on board, while I return to the lugger, for we must get off tonight, as there is a fair breeze blowing out-

Then it will favor the American. We shall be under way within the hour, and when I have seen him out of the channel I will return to the cabin and soon be on board the lugger."
"Farewell, my brave Nellie, for awhile, and

success attend you."

Politely raising his hat, Roy Woodbridge walked away up the bank of the stream and disappeared in the darkness, while Nellie at once mounted the rope-ladder and hastened toward the secret retreat, her heart full of emotion at all that had passed

all that had passed.

Reaching the cabin among the rocks, Nellie found Bancroft Edmunds patiently awaiting her, and the body of Luis Ramirez lying as it

had fallen "Senor Americano, will you do me the kindness to place that corpse outside? Carry it to a spot near here; I wish the band to know that, in some mysterious way, Luis Ramirez has perished, and that Captain Rafael has been avenged

against those who betrayed him."
Without a word Bancroft Edmunds raised the body in his strong arms, and following the maiden from the retreat bore it to a spot some

distance from the retreat core it to a spot some distance from the rock.

"Let it rest here; it will be discovered in the morning," and Nellie paused at the path leading to the buccaneer hamlet.

Bancroft quietly obeyed, laying the corpse by the reading.

"Now we will return to the retreat for the stores, and make all haste to the boat. You have a good breeze in your favor and a stanch little boat, as well as a good sailer. I have also stowed away on board all that you will need for

"Senorita, I thank you more than I can express. One of these days I hope to do you some great service in return," and Bancroft Edmunds

poke warmly Nellie made no reply, but leading the way back to the secret retreat she said:

as he headed his boat into a little reef-she arry," and she raised the package brought by Luis Ramirez, while the young officer, after urging to carry both, and being repulsed, took up

heavy for you."

But Nellie would not yield, and Bancroft cast-

But Nellie would not yield, and Bancroft casting off the line, the yawl moved out into the stream, towed by the light skiff.

Through the channel, not more than forty feet wide, the boats passed, the tide in their favor, and soon they came into another basin.

"Senor, there is where I made you prisoner. We return to the open sea by the same channel that brought you in," and Nellie headed across the basin to the opening through the walls of rock.

In a short while more out of the gloom of the channel-way the boats swept, past the pool into which the young officer had fallen, and thence to the open water, for the sea lay before them.

"Now, senor, I must leave you—the breeze will be good, once you get from under the land's lea" and Nellie arose to cast off the yaw's

ee," and Nellie arose to cast off the yawl's Senorita, I owe you my life, and should I

"I am sorry you have to run back against the tide, and I sincerely hope you will get into no trouble on my account."

Bancroft Edmunds spoke earnestly and held out his hand, as the two vessels drifted side by

The maiden grasped the hand, and said, sadly:
"I did but my duty, senor. May you have a
safe voyage, and may your life be a happy one.
Farewell."

The American quickly bent, imprinted a kiss pon the little hand he held, and the boats drift d apart.

In the twinkling of an eye the huge sail of the Yawl was raised, the sheet thrown to the wind, the compass drawn from the locker and placed by the side of a lantern, already lighted, and the adventurous young sailor started upon his perilous flight, alone upon the broad bosom of the water.

Watching his departure, until the breeze caught his sail, and caused his boat to careen well over and dash swiftly along, Pretty Nellie then turned her skiff and headed back into the

channel.

Though pulling against the tide it was not yet running strong, and she sent her light skiff swiftly back the way she had come and was soon at the spot from which she had started.

Hauling her skiff well up on the beach, she ascended the ladder, drew it up after her, and then sought a high point from whence she could overlook the sea, and by the aid of a glass, which she always carried with her, she beheld the little sail-boat far out from the land, rapidly skimming along.

ning along She could not discern him who held the light craft on its course; but she knew he was there, making a bold effort for freedom.

In ten minutes more Nellie was at the creek bank, and met there by Roy Woodbridge, she was escorted on board to the little cabin, which e had already fitted up most comfortably for

he had already fitted up most comfortably for her reception.

"There, Nellie, you can make yourself at home; but what did your mother say?"

"Gave her consent most willingly; in fact, seemed most anxious for me to go, and packed me a chest which I promised to send after."

"I will let two men go at once to the cabin after it. Now I must go up and get my last orders from the old chief. I will return in an hour, and then we will get to sea, for all is ready," and the buccaneer left Nellie to her own thoughts and went to see his chief; but for only thoughts and went to see his chief; but for only a short while was the maiden alone, as the sea-men soon returned with her baggage, accom-panied by Mad Maud.

anied by Mad Maud.

Then between mother and daughter followed long, earnest conversation, the poor woman eeming no longer mad, as she suggested to Neleplans for the escape of Rafael, and ended by arrives.

Here, my child, if you should need more gold take these; they are worth the ransom of a prince. They were my wedding present—see!" and Mad Maud placed in the hands of Nellie a necklace of beautiful diamonds, each one worth

"Let them all go if need be, to save him; he must not die! Now I must go ashore; farewell!" and stooping, the woman pressed a hearty kiss ipon Nellie's brow and was gone

e's brow and was gone. We have left the creek now; will you come on deck?"
Nellie started; she stood just where her mother

Slowly, with the boats aboard, the lugger was aloving down the channel, and in an hour's time

CHAPTER XXXVIII. DENOUNCED

When Bancroft Edmunds left the pirate isle, he felt in his heart that he should arrive safely at the end of his voyage, and his anticipations, after several days of buffeting with the waves, sleepless hours by day and night, and arduous work, were realized, for he stood in. one pleasant afternoon, toward the coast of Cuba, amid the banks of which glimmered the white walls of a casa de campo, among the cocoa and palm

"Yes, I will seek the hospitality of yonder house for the night; and if the wind is fair, stand on to Havana to-morrow; if against me, I will get a steed and go on by land; but now, I am actually worn out," he muttered to himself, as he headed his boat into a little reef-sheltered harborres down to the shores of which closed harborage, down to the shores of which sloped the grounds surrounding the hacienda, or campo

As she spoke the lady advanced from the pi-azza and grasped the American's hand, while he said pleasantly:

"And is it really you, Senorita Inez? I really expected not this pleasure."

"Then you came not here to see me? I had flattered myself that you had."

Senorita Revilla, I did intend to visit you up-on the return from our cruise; but now I come alone and—"

From where, Senor Edmunds?" "From where, Senor Edmunds?"

"From a buccaneer island. I escaped, through the kindness of a noble maiden, only three nights ago; but that gentleman wears my country's uniform, I see," and Bancroft motioned toward the gentleman who was on the piazza with Inez Revilla, and who had walked a few paces distant.

tant.

"Yes, he is a naval officer of your country.
Come, I will make you acquainted, for you seem not to know each other. Senor Melville, this is an old friend of mine, the Senor Edmunds."

Paul Melville for it was none other storged.

Paul Melville, for it was none other, stepped over have it in my power to return the favors for ward, a smile of welcome upon his face and his hand extended, while he said:

"Senor Edmunds, I am most happy. You are an officer on the Sea Hawk, I believe, to which I am ordered?"

But Bancroft Edmunds stood like a statue, his But Bancroft Edmunds stood like a statue, his bright eye fixed upon the man before him, and his voice was deep and stern as he said:

"Mr. Melville, though an officer of our service, and my superior in rank, I care not to take your hand, sir," and turning to the astonished Inez, he continued:

"Senorita Revilla, if this man is a guest of yours, I will bid you adios."

"Explain yourself, sir! There surely is some mistake!" said Paul Melville, white with rage.

"There is no mistake, sir. Senorita Revilla, you are entertaining a villain."

With an angry cry Paul Melville sprung for-

With an angry cry Paul Melville sprung forward, his hand upon a concealed weapon in his breast; but like a flash of light Bancroft Edmunds dealt him a blow that laid him his length

pon the ground.

Pale with dread and excitement, Inez Revilla knew not what to say or do, and turning to her,

Hale with dread and excitement, Inez Revilla knew not what to say or do, and turning to her, Bancroft said:

"Pardon me, senorita, I was perhaps hasty; but Paul Melville, though an American officer, was for years a buccaneer, and in escaping from them he attempted to take the life of a young girl who aided him.

"With a story of having been a captive to the corsairs, he gained an appointment in the United States navy, for he is really an excellent seaman, and came to Cuba for the avowed purpose of betraying those who had once been his friends. All this I know; it was told me only three days since. Need I say more? You know me, and know whether I would willfully slander any one—especially a brother officer."

Inez Revilla had known Bancroft Edmunds for two years, and he had been a great favorite of hers. Paul Melville she had met but several days before in Havana, and, at the invitation of General Muriel Sebastian, he had come out to the hacienda for a short visit, the old officer having taken a great fancy to the American lieutenant.

Hence, when Bancroft Edmunds made the

she could not discert him who held the light craft on its course; but she knew he was there, making a bold effort for freedom.

Convinced that the yawl had gained sufficient start to hold her way well against the lugger, if it should sail within the next two hours, Nellie ran hastily down to her cabin, and there found her mother nervously pacing the floor.

"Well, girl, you are out late."

"Yes, mother, but I have been arranging to leave the island for awhile."

"What mean you?" eagerly asked the woman.

"I mean to go to Havana in the lugger. The Senor Woodbridge says I can greatly aid him in the attempted rescue of Captain Rafael."

"Oh, Nellie, my daughter, do this and I will bless you! Yes, go with him—go with him," said the woman, coming close to the girl, and laying her hands upon her shoulders.

"And will you ask the chief?"

"No, no, no! He would refuse. Go, and I will say you have gone, when too late to stop you. There, let me get you ready," and Maud bustled about, and from various boxes took out wearing apparel, and put them in a trunk, until Nellie found herself possessed of a verry rich wardrobe.

"Now, girl, here is gold for you. See, I put it in your chest—plenty of it—and you must not spare it. Let it flow like water, so you get Rafale lout of that accursed Moro's dungeons. Now go to the lugger and send a man after your lugges; I will wait here for him."

In ten minutes more Nellie was at the creek bank, and met there by Roy Woodbridge, she

congratulate me upon my escape."
"No; but I intended to. Your having been

No; but I intended to. Your having been stolen from your home distressed me greatly, senorita, and I was rejoiced to learn, just before we left Havana, that some gallant planter had rescued you. And Luis Ramirez was then your kidnapper?" and Bancroft gazed earnestly into the maiden's face.

"Yes; he came here in a small vessel and stole me and my old nurse, as we were on the beach one day—oh! I do fear that man so."
"Senorita Revilla, you need fear him no more; Dead! Luis Ramirez dead! It cannot be:

you must be mistaken, senor."
"No, he died by my hand. We had a duello and I ran him through. I had often heard of him, yet never met him; but after his death I learned who he was."

"Where did this happen, senor?" asked Inez, with considerable feeling in tone and man-

ner.
"On the pirate isle, where I have been for a short while a prisoner, and from which I was released by the very young girl whom Paul Melville sought to slay."

"You surprise me, and now that you have made me your confidence, I will tell you a secret: the man who saved me from Luis Ramirez, took me from the little cabin where that man held me prisoner, and restored me to my uncle, was none other than Rafael the Rover." "What! I thought it was a Don Bernado

somebody, a planter?"
"So it was reported; but it was Don Rafael; yet, not a word of this to my uncle."

Nellie started; she stood just where her mother had left her—the diamond necklace still clasped in her hand.
"Yes, I like not the cabin when Loan breather "What mean you, Senor Americano?" asked

in her hand.
"Yes, I like not the cabin when I can breathe fresh air," and thrusting the necklace into her went on deck with Roy Woodbridge, sympathy, for he is not, after all, the very devil as he is nainted but on the contrary a man that he is painted, but on the contrary a man of many noble qualities. Now that he has treated you so well, I positively have a high re-gard for him. Listen attentively, and I will tell you all that I know about Rafael the Ro-

moving down the channel, and swiftly over the sails were spread, and swiftly over the waters sped the really fleet vessel, all on board anxious to aid in the rescue of Rafael from the terrible death that threatened him in the terrible death

heard about the young buccaneer chief.

The loss of the Curse of the Sea, as told him by Nellie, the betrayal of Rafael by Ramirez, and the young chief's noble sacrifice, with all that he had heard of Paul Melville, he told his attentive listener, for the maiden drank in every word.

"And Captain Rafael is now on the Sea Hawk, bound for Havana, you say?" asked Guy earnestly.

Guy earnestly.

"Yes, and sentenced to the worst of deaths. It is a pity for him to die thus."

"A crime, rather say, senor; but here comes my uncle. He will be glad to welcome you, and to-morrow you will drive on to Havana with us, for I must be in the city at once; but remember, not a word to my uncle about Don Bernado Rosalia being Rafael the Rover."

"I will not betray you, Senorita Inez," and Bancroft arose to greet General Sebastian, who just then came forward, a smile of welcome upon his face, for the young officer was well known to him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

The Silver Queen.

BY FRANK DAVES.

The Silver Hall in Deadwood was next to the Occidental Hotel, the most popular place of resort in the city during the spring of 76.

This place was presided over by a young lady on the sunny side of thirty, who was called the Silver Queen, from wearing a number of fancy silver trinkets on her person, and by some strange association of ideas, the room or hall itself was called the Silver Hall.

It was a gambling-room in the strictest sense of the word. There were conveniences for playing all the varieties of games to which the Western mind inclines. Of course, a barroom was attached, where all kinds of liquors were dispensed by a bejeweled Californian, whom the "Queen" had employed.

The most desperate men in the hills could be found there every night; but there probably was not one of them possessed of a cooler nerve, or more skill with that charming toy of the plains, the revolver, than the proprietress herself. She was a death-shot, as the fate of several poor victims testified.

She combined proprietress, dealer and committee on order all in herself. When a man

She combined proprietress, dealer and committee on order all in herself. When a man made himself obnoxious to her, she told him to make arrangements for his funeral expenses.

made himself obnoxious to her, she told him to make arrangements for his funeral expenses. This was her grim and standing joke, but her victims seldom lived long enough to see the point. In short, she was as smooth, outwardly, as oil; but a very demon when aroused—although she never betrayed any excitement.

I was in this gilded hall of iniquity the last night of its existence. I shall never forget it. It was the evening of the 9th of May. An old hunter, trapper and guide, well known on the plains as Six-toed Pete, from a personal deformity, was at the Occidental.

After supper, he being an old acquaintance, I proposed to "take in" the Silver Hall. He had just returned from a long trip to New Mexico, and being anxious to see his old friends, we lit cigars and started, little dreaming of the tragedy we were to behold before morning.

A short walk brought us to our destination; and we found the hall unusually full. The sweet strains of a string-band made the pulses throb; and the clinking of glasses and coin, and the rude oath of the ruffian added to the tumult.

Life flowed on, as if trouble, and death did

tumult.

Life flowed on, as if trouble and death did not exist. The Silver Queen was ruling and controlling this mad mob as completely as a ship captain does his crew. Her slightest nod or look was respected; and her very wishes seemed to be anticipated by her admirers and backers. She was a very queen, indeed, and these were her subjects.

A number of guides, trappers and desperate characters were present; some of them who enjoyed a national reputation. Texas Jack was playing poker with California Joe; Missouri Mike was absorbed in a game with the Man-from-Arkansas; and Wild Bill, or William Hickok, was engaged at the faro-table, rapidly losing the money he had as rapidly won at

Main-from-Arkansas; and Wild Bill, or William Hickok, was engaged at the faro-table, rapidly losing the money he had as rapidly won at poker. Some were excited and some were not; but the Silver Queen sat through it all, like an iceberg within its native zone; or, rather like the grand, mysterious Sphinx in the burning sands of Africa.

I took a seat at a table, and began a small game with my friend for cigars; and it did not take me long to be forced into paying for cigars enough to last us a week.

We had just finished our game, and were quietly engaged in smoking some of the fruits of my unskillful playing, when a tall, rather fine-looking man walked into the room. He ordered a drink at the bar; and then, taking a cigar, began looking about him.

Wild Bill at this moment caught his eye, and recognized him, addressing him as Luke.

The two shook hands.

"It has been a long time since I saw you, Bill" said the stranger.

The two shook hands.
"It has been a long time since I saw you,
Bill," said the stranger.
"Yes; the last time we met was in Santa Fe."
"I believe it was, and at Don Miguel's ball.
That was two years ago."
At this moment the queen glanced at the stranger for the first time. She turned deadly pale; and I noticed that the stranger eyed her rather curiously. The two had evidently met before, but neither spoke to the other. They were not friends. were not friends.

were not triends.

A minute passed; and the queen raked in another "pot" of Wild Bill's gold.

"This game is over, gentlemen," said she, slowly rising and drawing a revolver from under the table as she did so.

Quick as a flash, she leveled the weapon at the breast of the stravers and she him dead.

breast of the stranger and shot him dead.

It was done so quickly that we could scarcely realize what had occurred; and when we looked for the Queen, she was gone.
"It was a foul, cold-blooded murder, gentlemen," said Wild Bill; "and she must be found and subjected to a fair, square trial. I was a witness to the whole affair, and it was nothing short of murder."

The criminal was a woman, and the Black Hillers felt a delicacy about laying violent hands on a woman; but the affair was such a gross violation of law and order that something

must be done for the sake of appearances.

Moreover, the Deadwoodites had not been treated to a "fair, square" trial since Irish Jimmy was Iynched, the month before; and now was the golden opportunity, and it must reach better.

A committee was appointed, with Wild Bill at the head, to arrest her and bring her to jus-Everybody knew that to try her would be a mere matter of form, and that her acquittal was as sure as the revolution of the earth; but

the great public demanded her arrest: and mmittee went out to obey the commands the dictator.

But she was nowhere to be found. The house was searched, and all the neighboring dens were subjected to the closest scrutiny; but to no

purpose.

"Nary Queen," said an old plainsman, "will you find to-night. She's an old bird."

"Here's your mule," screamed a shrill voice; and to our utter astonishment we saw in the bright moonlight, standing out in bold relief on the roof of a tall building across the street, the

very person we wanted.
"Here is the Silver Queen; come and take her; but I have a little speech to make, and you must listen to that first. "The man I have just killed is Thomas Crawford, of Kansas City, or was seven years ago; and I am his wife. I had ten thousand dollars when I married the villain, and after spending that, he left me and my two children to die of

"My children died shortly after he deserted me, and I determined to have revenge. I fol-lowed him to California; then to New Mexico; and finally I came here and waited for him, for

and finally I came here and waited for him, for I knew he would come to Deadwood some time, as every other scoundrel in the West does.

"I have made money; but it is planted, and no man will ever unearth it. The man I sought came at last. To-night is the first time I have met him for seven years. I have killed him. I have fulfilled my destiny; and now I am done with earth and its troubles."

Quick as a flash, when she had said this, she placed the revolver to her head and pulled the trigger, and instantly fell to the walk below, a lifeless corpse.

lifeless corpse.

We had stood spellbound during all this strange scene; but we suddenly realized what had happened, and instantly the wildest excitement prevailed. But she was dead. was held. The jury could return but one ver-dict, and the next day we laid away in the Deadwood cemetery the remains of the Silver

In the lobby of an Irish inn the following in-

scription is painted on the wall in conspicu-ous letters: "No person will get credit for whisky in this house but those who pay money



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following reties.

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid: One copy, four months, one year, Two copies, one year,

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MR. ALBERT W. AIKEN'S New Serial Romance.

THE WINNING OAR;

The Innkeeper's Daughter.

A story of to-day, in which college boys are actors in a drama of unique conception, of the triple interest of sports, love and base intrigue. and teeming with revelations of college life and of the fraternity of "sports" who turn every regatta, race or match into occasions for the practice of their daring rascality. "The Winning Oar" is the noble scion of an honorable

A Harvard Boy of the Best Type,

Whose fame and good name a couple of sharps set themselves sedulously to work to destroyone of them his own cousin, his rival and enemy; the other a type of betting-man and "operator" that is only too well known to many a poor victim of the card-table or racecourse. In the Innkeeper's daughter they discover a marvelously fine instrument for consummating a dastardly scheme.

A Woman of Two Lives and Two Names,

out of whose leve for the Collegian grows a heart and home romance of intense quality. Two other women-girls of Boston's best blood-are wrought closely into the web and woof of the story to add to its pathos, beauty and power, and a fine young Virginian enters into the action to highten the interest and bring into prominence some superb assertions of a true manhood. It has, indeed, so many admirably chosen and quite original characters, and is so varied and peculiar in its train of incidents as to present the versatile Actor-Author in a new light, and we can well promise that it will be regarded as the

Most Delightful Story of the Year.

Sunshine Papers.

The Match-making Season.

If there is any season of the year when matrimony is not an important and uppermost theme in the average female mind discovery of it is yet to be made. We have never heard of weather so hot or so cold, so damp or so dry, that it could interfere, in the least, with wedding prospects and wedding journeys. And yet, perhaps, there is a time, in the recurring the seasons, when love-making and matchmaking are more diligently attended to than at others; if so, it is during the summer months. Then is the time when the young yachtsman is in his glory, and the young wo-men, who are charmed to accept his favors. find particularly good opportunities for claiming assurance and protection, close by his manly side, as the pretty skiff terrifies the dear creatures by an unusually energetic dip among the sunlit, foam-tipped waves, or gliding clos to some ghostly shadow of rock, or grassy-sea, under the soft silver shine of summer stars and crescent. And even the brisk young shopmen and workers of all manner of manufactories and trades, can find opportunities, during the genial weather of the warm season, for whispering soft somethings to blushing damsels, in the cosiest retreats of excursion boats or lingering upon leaf-arched settees in the public

Summer is the time for all manner of outdoor sports and parties. There are croquet clubs and archery-clubs, rowing matches and equestrian parties, regattas and rides, and walks, and festivals, and flower shows, and races, and every conceivable kind of picnic and excursion—from the exclusive five-dollara-ticket ones to those of ten-cent admission fees in the lager bier gardens, where Gretchen goes with her night-key to waltz half the night away with Fritz, who "'tends" at the corner grocery. In summer there is so much out-ofdoor life, and such constant meeting of the two sexes under circumstances that lead them to make pleasure the order of the day, that it can but happen that young women and their mammas—and the latter personage is an important factor in the settling of young people's future destinies—look forward to that particular time of the year as one peculiarly adapted to the arrangement of matrimonial cam-

In summer all humanity takes a vacation scrimping in the household economy, by any shams or deceits for the benefit of the world, will take a vacation and go abroad somewhere successful, that "luck is against them."

both to the young man and the young woman's mother, means money.

And how about the young ladies themselves? Oh! we do not pretend to think them perfect. Of course there is more or less truth in what is being so constantly said and written concerning the calculating character of the girls of this day, in regard to their settlement in life; but we are inclined to think that it is rather less than more. While, no doubt, many a girl, not in love, can, and, perhaps, does, shrewdly and coolly philosophize concerning the kind of es tablishment and the amount of money the man must have who aspires to her hand, yet we believe that with the majority of them, yo woman-nature remains much as it was in days of yore; and when a girl loves—even the Amer-ican girl of to-day—she forgets her pursuit of wealth, and finds the best riches in the true heart and earnest devotion of the man who has found the magic key to the sealed treasure of her sweet passions.

But the mothers, the worldly, worldly mothers, how through these summer months they are striving to teach their daughters to scorn all the sweet theories of marriage for esteem and love alone, and to smile upon any man who can give them a blazing diamond and a and would hold fifty thousand dollars in silfine establishment. And it is but a fit recom-pense for those mothers who teach their girls to make "good matches" rather than love matches, and for the daughters who allow themselves to be wedded to a man for the mere sake of securing a handsome home, that very often, after the most desperate maneuverng to accomplish these results, the wife finds herself but a despised and contemptuouslytreated slave to her master's caprices.

We know not how many vows of love have been made this season under moonlighted skies, or formally and pompously ratified in hotel parlors or pere's counting-room; but of them all, we can safely affirm that those will result most happily where the "I love you, Adalia," did not mean, "I love your father's bank account, Adalia. I have been lounging about this watering-place several seasons now, in the hope of finding a young woman whose father had sufficient fortune to enable his daughter to pay her husband's cigar and tailoring bills;" and the "Yes, I am sure I love you, Henry," signified simply, "I am sure I must marry you, Henry, because mamma wishes it; but if I had my way, I would rather become the wife of young May, on his twelve hundred a year, than be yours with all your money A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

AN ANSWER.

Once in a while somebody asks my advice. Strange as it may appear to you such is actually the fact; but remember, it is only once in a while. This once in a while happened quite recently, and the question asked me was such a strange and incomprehensible one that I was, for a moment, taken quite aback, and thought, for the time being, my questioner was jesting, but when I looked into his sober, serious face I saw he was in earnest. I told him just what I thought (it is a way I have) and as I thought many others might like to ask the same question I considered it to be my bounden duty to let the world have the benefit (??) of my ad-

Here was the question: "Do you think it is best for a young man to go to work early in life, or pass his time in observation for a few years and see what is going on?"

do any one at any time of life? If we were have had a retinue of servants born at the would not have spanked the baby either. same time he was, to wait upon him. Youth

has been the evil genius of so many promising young men; wrecked lives that were given for brought ruin and desolation to it up. many a hearthstone; plunged into misery many a loved and loving heart, and brought disgrace on all around. If a young man has money and race? I saw plainly that the war of the Revo is not obliged to work I think it is his duty to lution would have to be fought over again if learn some useful trade or profession, for there that should happen, and ordered that all the may come a time when necessity will compel morning journals should be unfurled; I had him to resort to it.

is brought home to his parents in a state of intoxication, don't you suppose the wish to the stick, when a sea struck us which washthat goes up from his mother's heart is that he ed off the cook; he had not been washed off for was poor, had to work for a living and so keep a month; this lightened the craft some pounds his mind busy, his hands employed and his and we began to hold our own. thoughts off riot and dissipation?

not have sowed tares in the field. I believe that people become "tramps" not so much bethat people become "tramps" not so much because they cannot find work to do as because they will not do the work that is offered them—not from any inability to work, but from if the British yacht had run on a stump! but

Only consider how much benefit a few years | though nobody could see us. of hard, persistent study will do one—how it will store the mind with treasures that are hind. above price! It is this study that makes men

truly great. engineer or conductor, and stick to it until his get out of the way. work is done; so, you perceive, that with that does not mean idleness.

"Micawber" is an amusing character; it makes | ing. and every young man and young woman, and mamma with marriageable daughters who can by any manner or means afford it, by any to turn up." We have too many "Micawbers"

As the independence of the United States was at stake, I felt somewhat elated, and the Britisher began to feel be-lated correspondall around us, idle and shiftless beings who will not work, and who think, because they are un-

watch over the young men who hover about idle, and so I say-go to work early in life and of a race it was nothing more than a chase, their daughters, and young men make careful inquiries concerning the young ladies who dress stylishly and are lavish with their smiles; and, while you are working, don't forget to say home, but we beat him in that little game, for with both parties eligibility is to be considered, and eligibility, in nine cases out of ten, an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence." That maxim always reads to me as though it meant that we shall be held accountable for all the kind words we might have said but were too chary-either through laziness or miserliness-in using them.

It is a fearful thought—that so many ill deeds are transpiring and so many good ones left undone, when if the latter were used they might prevent the former. Eve Lawless.

Foolscap Papers.

That Great Yacht Race.

I EXPECT I might as well give an unbiased report of the great yacht race which recently astonished the civilized world and took it by the ears and shook it until its legs didn't touch the ground.

It was an international match. An English man, with the audacity for almost anything challenged any American yacht for the largest purse ever competed for in these waters -the ourse was two feet wide and five feet deep,

I had suggested the largest cup that had ever been in the lists—a tin one, four feet through, but withdrew when I heard that people would think I would be at my old trade-after the

After accepting the proposition I bought the oyster yacht Sally Ann, and thoroughly overhauled her. I had her keel scraped, and hull thoroughly whitewashed, until she looked like a thing of life, or a thing of two lives. She was the fastest thing after an oyster that was

The Englishman, J. Bull, Jr., came over in the Seven Up to procure the proceeds and take

back home the renown.

The proposition was this—the yacht who ran the greatest number of hours in the least number of miles—or that ran least number of miles in the greatest number of hours—or, might be allowed to say, the yacht that could tie the most knots in the shortest possible space was to have the purse and divide it with its

We unhooked from Sandy Hook at ten clock sharp, and started out under a wind which somebody was blowing from the shore so fast that the knotty question was—how many knots are we going?

We kept at first neck to neck, and it looked as if the English yacht wanted to be on too familiar terms and walk along with my yacht without any invitation, thus breaking the rules of polite behavior.

She began to trespass on our space, and I had to yell to her managers to keep back or avoid the consequences—the consequences were, as I forgot, the purse, but I was so mad that I forgot all except the consequences. She began to crawl ahead, and as a conse-

quence we fell behind; the fall hurt us con-

I got excited and yelled: "Put more rosin and turpentine on the fire," but they announce ed that it was a sailing and not a steam yacht begged apologies, but considered how a fellow had a right to get excited when the honor of the whole United States is at stake, and I instinctively shouted: "Whip up them mules!

At 11 o'clock we were both well ahead, the Britisher standing on my lee quarter like a fellow on my corns, and I immediately order-Here cometh the answer. In the first place, by "observation," you really mean idleness. I don't believe in idleness at any time, for if the hands are at rest the brain should be working. I don't mean to say that we should never rest, because rest is not idleness, it is a necestra, because rest is not idleness or inactivity wind, but, bad luck to it, he spread a few extra sheets with table-cloth, all with holes in, sity. What good does idleness or inactivity and was soon making up lost ground—or sea, the control of the control o rather. Oh, how I prayed for a storm! intended to do no work I believe Adam would would have been thankful for a squall and

At this critical juncture the taffrail swung and early manhood are the times to work, be- round and struck the mate on the glass of cause they are seasons of freshness, life and something which he was mixing for himself, knocking it out of his hand. It was a bad dis It is this idleness—this "taking a few years aster, and seriously disabled him, and when I to look around and see what is going on "-that ordered the crew to stop crowing, and lighten ship, they threw overboard the wrong keg, and of course we had no time to stop ship to pick

What would be the use of 1776 if a Britishe should beat us in this great international yacht im to resort to it.

When a young man with plenty of money of the wind that was in the editorials.

I had the presidential chair of the United God gave us the hours. Have we any right | States in view if I won this race and exerted to waste them? He gave us work to do. Is it myself accordingly. I even ordered all the for us to refuse to do it? Is there one passage crew forward to push at the windlass to make in the Bible that advises us to be idle? If the her go faster, and vowed that I would throw sower had not gone to sleep the enemy would overboard any one who had any drawbacks of any kind even on his suspenders.

sheer dislike of it brought on by early idle- of course there were no stumps. I knew the eyes of England and America were on us al-

At twelve o'clock we were both a little be-

All at once they began to go ahead, and I saw that they had set all the crew to blowing Prospective fortune must not deter one in the sails with bellowses. That was not a from constant, faithful labor. I clip the fol- fair international thing, so I ordered my crew lowing: "Some rich men allow their to open their mouths and catch all the wind sons to sport around and 'have a good which otherwise would be wasted, and to time,' but Vanderbilt never did. His spread their ears to the fullest extent. By boys must attend to business, first, and this means we held our own and some of the see about the "good time" afterward. Each Britisher's, and we were soon going so fast that has to be at his post just as regularly as any we caught up with the horizon before it could

My yacht went like it was going on legs or shrewd observer and hard worker independence | wheels, or was greased, and the British captain swore in the purest English when I offered to When a boy or girl has done some piece of throw him a rope, for he was falling behind work did you ever notice how proud he or she and hurting himself in the fall, and I ordered was—a pardonable pride—in showing us the the crew not to feel so big, as it might mafruit of labor and saying—"I earned that?" terially weight the yacht and impede her I wish we all earned what we receive and speed, which was so soon that we could not tie we should value our possessions far more. knots fast enough to tell how fast we were go-

whittman is or face made up for the lack, for it was as long as 69. Whittier Emerson is 75.

home, but we beat him in that little game, coming in on a shorter route.

I naturally feel proud to think that the United States are not under British rule on account of this event. Britannia may rule the seas, but not this season, nor these waters. I got the purse, and all I want is something to put in it. All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Winnist.

Topics of the Time.

-Washington Territory is represented by her newspapers as anxious to become a State, but her population still falls short of 124,000, the number on which representation in Congress is

-Commissioner Seth Green has lately been —Commissioner Seth Green has lately been examining the perch and sunfish that have died in great numbers in Lake George. He finds that the disease is a fungous growth on the gills, resembling pulmonary consumption, and warns the people against eating the fish. The gills of a perfectly healthy and edible fish are always a crimson red in color. Eat no other.

crimson red in color. Eat no other.

—There were in this country, in 1877, 166,000 liquor dealers licensed by the United States government. The amount of money annually expended for liquor in the United States by consumers is \$600,000,000, and yet what a howl there is from every town in the land about taxes, hard times, poor pay for labor, want of work, etc., etc.! A decree that would utterly cut off the living curse of liquor making would indeed make us a prosperous people.

make us a prosperous people.

—In the mode of indulging in the use of tobacco, there is the greatest diversity, and nowhere is this more strikingly manifested than in
the Philippine Islands. It is not till evening
that the inhabitants of the higher class begin to
stir; till that time they are occupied in eating,
sleeping and smoking tobacco, which is nowhere
more general than on the island of Luzon; for
children, before they can walk, begin to smoke
cigars. The women carry their fondness for it
to a greater hight than the men; for, not content with the usual small cigars, they have others made for them, which are a foot long and
proportionably thick. These are here called the
women's cigars, and it is a most ludicrous sight
to see elegant ladies taking their evening walk
with these burning brands in their mouths.

—Queen Victoria's last unmarried boy, the make us a prosperous people.

—Queen Victoria's last unmarried boy, the tuke of Connaught, is having most of the pre-ents for his bride, the Princess of Prussia, presents for his bride, the Princess of Prussia, prepared in Paris. Among them is an opera-glass which is nehef-dœuvre of silversmith's work. The crowned cipher of the princess stands out in diamonds and precious stones, and the whole article is covered with gems, the richness of which does not exclude their application with good taste. Well, what of it? As he don't have to pay for it why shouldn't he order what he pleases? The poor queen, his mother, with an income of over two million dollars per year, couldn't help the lad a bit, so the "jook" foraged on the House of Commons the other day, and the Commons, in their enthusiasm for royalty, voted the boy, in addition to his regular allowance, the snug little sum of \$60,000.

—Of Captain Mackenzie, the American repre-

—Of Captain Mackenzie, the American representative in the recent Paris Chess Tourney, where he carried off the fourth prize, Land and Water says: "Mackenzie, in the range of his capacity, is inferior to not one of the other encapacity, is inferior to not one of the other entrants, and superior to most of them; the skill he displays, within a certain limit, is most admirable, but there is the limit; and moreover, his style is somewhat old-fashioned. He is evidently not up to the level of latter-day research. In a word, he wants the depth of Blackburne, the far-seeing acuteness of Zukertort, and the scientific knowledge of Winawer. It will be noticed, however, that the two chief prizewinners had to lower their colors to him, while he made an even score with Blackburne," Zukertort, Winawer and Blackburne won the first three prizes in the order named.

—We have so suffered this year from what

sea-sickness, writes us:

"When about to cross the Atlantic I was recommended to keep a small piece of ice in a little water-proof bag just at the hollow of my back, as a remedy for sea-sickness, to which I was much subject. I did so, and found it a perfect cure, and after the first two or three days I was able to do without my ice and india-rubber bag and lent them to other passengers, who also experienced the same relief that I had done. Theice must be kept tightly pressed against the back, so that its coldness may be fully felt, and as the ice becomes water the water must be emptied out of the bag and fresh ice put in."

For which information we are sure thousands

was at stake, I felt somewhat elated, and the Britisher began to feel be-lated correspondingly.

I shouted to him to get a pole and push along; he was a length short of me, but his face made up for the lack, for it was as long as your arm. He soon began to see that instead

Cullen Bryant, a victim of sunstroke, is mourned as premature; even at 84. Richard Henry Dana, the poet, who first introduced to the public the author of "Thanatopsis," more than sixty vears ago, survives him at the age of 91. Walt Whitman is only 59. Oliver Wendell Holmes is 69. Whitman is only 59.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Grave at Malvern Hill;" "The Last Days of Summer;" "The Warrior;" "The Rival Lovers;" "The Royal Spy;" "The Dark Lady of Dundee;" "Kitty's Entanglement;" "Thief or Gentleman;" "Wycomet, the Saco."

Declined: "A Mother's Love;" "Experience;"
"Leaf from High Life;" "Scarlet Hand;" "Never
Marry for Love;" "That Cousin of Mine;" "Bachelor's Hall;" "Scraps;" "A Queer Constable;"
"Lending Much but Borrowing More;" "Seeking
and Finding;" "Petered Out."

M. D. A. Poem may be good, but ink is so pale that MS. is illegible. Use only good black ink. C. C. C. You cannot command pay for such poems as you write. They are decidedly immature T. C. Sketch good enough for use, but we have no space for it. Send it to one of the Cincinnati weeklies.

WILLY. Have delivered papers. Tell the lady to see "Declined" list in No. 442. The step your friend so ardently advises would unquestionably be mutu-ally beneficial if you can divest your mind of old-time prejudices.

INEZ. Poverty is a hard taskmaster, but it must not be pressed upon us to constrain our acceptance of matter. To permit appeals to our sympathy to affect our choice of contributions would be to doom the paper to destruction. We are ever pained to have such pleas made for they only make rejection the more disagreeable.

Welch Ed. Buffalo Bill's ranch is at North Platte, Nebraska, where he now is. He is a cattle-raiser, but pursues stage-life a portion of the year. The "organized hunting-parties" are not to be found in any particular town or place in the West. Such parties are made up anywhere, and then go west to Laramie, Cheyenne or other points, secure their guide and outfit and then go into the hunting-grounds.

grounds.

CUBAN. Children born anywhere of a naturalized American citizen are, in the eye of the law, American citizens. If a husband is naturalized the wife need not be, as she is not a voter.—Names are such a matter of pure fancy. How would Alice, or Rose, or Grace, or Edith do?—As to going West to practice dentistry the West swarms with "jaw surgeons." If you are a good workman some one of the large towns in your own State would be preferable, we should think, to going further away.

Turn Have heard of the remedy and presume

ZISKA. Have heard of the remedy and presume it is excellent; there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining the constituents. Many a cure for bodily ills lies in such simples. Moth patches, sallow skin, dark rings under the eyes may become permanent skin defects if not attended to. The ointment named was a great favorite with Roman ladies, who were celebrated for the beauty of their complexions and the firm texture of their skin. This texture can be acquired and maintained by proper attention.

texture can be acquired and maintained by proper attention.

Louise. Much depends upon circumstances. There certainly is nothing derogatory in your accepting money actually earned. A certain degree of independence is equally becoming and desirable. "Clerking" is now too illy paid to make it a profitable calling. If the two young ladies have laid up money, and are still doing so, it must be from their evening extra work under their aunt's patronage. If they will permit you to participate, or you can perform the service occasionally for them, it will not be to your disparagement thus to earn your "pin money," and be, to a degree, independent of the never-too-full home-purse.

ADDIE E. T. Many a "first-class singer" in this country never went abroad for instruction. We have in all the large cities excellent teachers of vocalism, several of whom are prima domas of celebrity, whose voices having become somewhat impaired for stage use pursue the career of teaching and training voices for the choir, concert-room and stage. If you do not aspire to the operatic stage then there is not the slightest need of "European Tuition." If your voice is as you represent, it will be a fortune to you if properly cultivated. Miss Sallie Reber is an Ohio girl. She has never been abroad, we believe. She is this summer singing with the Louise Cary combination. Address her at Newport, E. I.

with the Louise Cary combination. Address her at Newport, R. I.

Mrs. T. L. S. writes: "What are the best kinds of fruit for breakfast, and how should they be served?" Most kinds of fruit are good for breakfast use; in fact, use any kind, rather than go without. Those fruits, however, which are supposed to be especially adapted for breakfast use are the varieties which tend to stimulate the appetite—strawberries, blackberries, tomatoes, oranges, pineapples, plums, tart apples, currants, gooseberries, grapes, and cherries. Tomatoes should be peeled, and sliced thinly and evenly, and kept upon the ice until ready to serve; indeed, all fruits should be very cold, for which reason it is best to prepare them over night and keep them on the ice until morning. Melons should be wiped clean, cut in half, seeds taken out, and a lump of ice placed in each hollow. Currants are very fine stemmed, sugared, and mixed with finely-chopped ice. Peaches are generally served whole, as are oranges. The fruit should be served directly upon the family gathering at the table, as most people prefer to eat it before touching more substantial edibles, in order to obtain a better appetite for the latter.

Minnie Mannard writes: "Many agreeable accounting made during the supported accounting made accounting accounting made accounting account accounting accounting accounting

Definition of the contrary, and blackburne won the first three prizes in the order named.

—We have so suffered this year from what has been termed "heat waves" that the curious are quite justified in asking—What is a heat wave? Nothing but a vast volume of heated air moving from the west to the east by virtue of the earth's motion on its axis. What produces the heat? The sun, of course. Why not every season, then? Why this season hotter than any other? Because the sun is a variable star, like some of the other stars, as proven by several facts, but especially by the periodic "spots" which come and go (with a period of about elever years) on his surface. The sun, as the author of all the light and heat of our solar system, is, it is pretty evident, not to be depended upon for stability; indeed, any day he may have an outburst of spots that will burn us all up; or, on the contrary, he may so withhold his heat as to freeze us all as stiff as the north pole.

—A cure for sea-sickness would indeed be a great boon, for the maladie du mer is a veritable terror to a large class of people. A gentleman, seeing the query of Mrs. W. B. W. in a late issue of the JOURNAL, asking for a cure for sea-sickness, writes us:

"When about to cross the Atlantic I was recommended to keep a small piece of ice in a little water-proof bag just at the hollow of my back, as a remedy for the sundance of the cher young man, and the out coross the Atlantic I was recommended to keep a small piece of ice in a little water-proof bag just at the hollow of my back, as a remedy for sea-sickness, writes us:

"When about to cross the Atlantic I was recommended to keep a small piece of ice in a little water-proof bag just at the hollow of my back, as a remedy for the sundance of the cher young man, and the out coross the Atlantic I was recommended to keep a small piece of ice in a little water-proof bag just at the hollow of my back, as a remedy for the sundance of the cher young in the proper in the probability in the same relief that I had done. Th

passengers, who also experienced the same relief that I had done. Theice must be kept tightly pressed against the back, so that its coldness may be fully felt, and as the ice becomes water the water must be emptied out of the bag and fresh ice put in."

For which information we are sure thousands of travelers by sea and lake will give grateful thanks.

—It is well for us to remember that the Chinese, despite their acknowledged advancement in the commercial forms of civilization are terribly degraded morally and superstitious beyond any people outside of Central Africa. Their practice of medicine would excite the derision of the Digger Indian. Their religion is the grossest idolatry. They believe in and practice infanticide unrestrained by law, and that they are cannibals we have the data of the recent great famine to prove. In a letter received in Shanghai, from the Roman Catholic bishop of Shanshi, Monsignor Monagatta—who is a resident of Tai Yuen, the capital of a province in which famine has been raging with the most fearful severity—he says: "Until lately the starving people were content to feed on the dead; but now they are slaughtering the living against the back, so that its coldness may be fully flow of the suit policy of the says will be quite enough. For you to be as skillful with the bow as the male members of the club, and you should aim not to be excelled. Fifteen members will be quite enough. For the ladies' costume we would advise short kilted swirts, oleaning with a dress-coat, buttoned over a linen shirtee, and banded across the breast with white ositive short kilted swirts, ole afercen with a dead; when he lady of the full play of the muscles. Your open stew braid. Whether coat of Breton basque is worn with the skirt, it should be made loose to admit of the full play of the muscles. Your open stew braid. Whether coat of Breton basque is worn with the skirt, it should be with white out of the full play of the muscles. Your open stew braid. Whether coat of Breton he ladies' costume we would advi

ceived in Shanghai, from the Roman Catholic bishop of Shanshi, Monsignor Monagatta—who is a resident of Tai Yuen, the capital of a proyrince in which famine has been raging with the most fearful severity—he says: "Until lately the starving people were content to feed on the dead; but now they are slaughtering the living for food. The husband eats his wife; parents eat their children; and in their turn sons and daughters eat their dead parents. This goes on almost every day."

—The first Chief Magistrate of our Republic, George Washington, died when he was but 68. Five other Presidents of the United States lived to be 80 or more—John Adams dying in his 92d year; Thomas Jefferson, at 83; James Madison, at 85; John Quincy Adams, when almost 81, and Martin Van Buren at 80. Six more lived until past 70—James Monroe, who died in his 72d year; Andrew Jackson, at 73; John Tyler, at 74; Millard Fillmore, at 74, and James Buchanan, at 77. Stephen Girard died at 81, and John Jacob Astor at 85. Chief Justice Marshall lived to 80, and Chief Justice Marshall lived to 80, the marshall

THE CROQUET QUEEN.

A WARNING TO CROQUETTERS AGAINST COQUETTES.

You may talk about skating, and sleighing and dancing,
Proclaim the delights of the rod and the gun;
Of the ride through the park upon steed gayly

prancing;
The row on the lake until daylight is done;
Praise the sports of the land, and the water each

The bath by the beach, or the yacht on the sea-But of all the sweet pleasures known under the sun A "good" game of Croquet's the sweetest to me

To make it a good one there needs a good ground; The grass closely cut and the turf smoothly rolled; The mallets well balanced; the balls thorough round;
And the bridges set square, with true distances

The players close matched—about four to a side— Four sweet girls for partners, or not less than

three;
All playing in earnest—no trifling aside—
In the croquet arena no firting should be. For nowhere is flirting with such peril fraught— Not even in dancing is danger like this. Ah! well I remember myself getting caught At a croque'ing match, by a croque'ing miss! They called her the "Croquet Queen," je ne

There were in the arena good players as she, but something about her—a look that gave law— Ere the game was half ended she "queened" is o'er me.

Her figure was faultless—nor tall, nor pelite—
Her skirt barely touched the top lace of her boot;
I've seen in my time some remarkable feet.
But never one equaling that little foot.
Its tournure was perfect, from ankle to toe—
Praxiteles ne'er had such model for art—
No arrow so sharp ever shot Cupid's bow;
When poised on the ball it seemed pressing your heart!

It crushed more than one, as I sadly remember—A dezen at least in the sweet month of May—And long ere the season had reached to September, It numbered of victims a dozen a dey.

As one on the list you won't wonder, I ween,
That I warn you 'gainst flirting while playing this game!

game! You may meet, as did L some fair croque'ing queen Who will croquet your heart, till it feels all aflame

Typical Women.

MARIE LOUISE,

The Unworthy Successor of Josephine.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

HAD not "motives of state" induced Napoleon o repudiate Josephine it is quite probable Marie couise of Austria never would have occupied a prominent position among noted women—certainly never would have been reckoned worthy of place among typical women, if by that term we mean women of representative or significant traits of character. She came not from obscurity, for she was an emperor's daughter, the off-spring of a great house; but her almost unformatical trains of a great house; but her almost unformatical trains and the statement of the state

rity, for she was an emperor's daughter, the offspring of a great house; but her almost unformed character left her a name to make, and the
name she made became great only from association with those who were great.

And yet, she assumes a prominent place in
history as the successor of Josephine, Empress
of France; as the wife of Napoleon and the
mother of Napoleon's only legitimate child.

Marie Louise, archduchess of Austria, was the
eldest daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Austria, and therefore grand-niece of the beautiful
and unfortunate Marie Autoinette, whose sacrifice by the sans culottes of the guillotine made
a Napoleon possible. So do human events mock
justice, shock consistency and impale honor. justice, shock consistency and impale honor. Marie Antoinette was butchered to rid France of monarchy; Marie Louise was made empress

of monarchy; Marie Louise was made empress to give France an emperor.

She was born 1791, in Vienna; was there educated, and at eighteen was pronounced one of the most cultivated and beautiful of all the princesses of Europe. But the disturbed condition of affairs, and the rapidly changing fortunes of kings and royal succession made her alliance wholly a question of Fate. Little her father thought that Fate would make his mighty enemy, Napoleon, the husband of his beloved child!

Napoleon, in the tremendous campaign of 1809, approached and besieged Vienna. Europe literally was at his feet. Germany was conquered, humiliated, devastated; the very name of Frenchman was detested—dreaded as the synonym of sacrilege, rapine and desolation. After Germany fell Austria; and Francis I., driven into his own capital, was forced to such terms as the master dictated.

During the siege Marie Louise was confined in the royal palace, sick with the small-pox, unable to be removed. Hearing this Napoleon ordered the palace to be spared, not dreaming that he was extending clemency to his soon-to-be wife. Even then his separation from Josephine had been resolved upon for the stated in our power.

been resolved upon, for, (as stated in our paper on the repudiated empress), on his sudden return to Paris, from the dreadful battlefield of Wagram, in October (1809) he had the passage in the pal-ace at Fontainbleau, leading from his private apartments to the rooms of Josephine, bricked up, and thenceforward the "separation" was final, although not formally and publicly consummated until Dec. 16th. That act left him legally free to wed again; so he cast his eyes over Europe among the greatest reigning lines and chose the sister of the Czar Alexander. The czar was only too ready to placate his adversary by such an alliance, but his mother resisted so stoutly that no immediate answer was given; whereupon the suitor immediately turned to the young and accomplished princess of Austria. Francis I. of course could not do otherwise than say yes. Marie Louise had no voice whatever say yes. Marie Louise had no voice whatever in the matter; she was merely an object, to be used as the fortunes of the house demanded—or, as she herself aptly expressed it, "a victim sacrificed to the Minotaur." Napoleon wooed as he fought—with disagreeable rapidity; for the marriage took place in Vienna, March 11th, 1810—the Archduke Charles standing as proxy. Napoleon had no time to attend in person upon a ceremony where a substitute could answer as well.

The very next day the wife-by-proxy started for her husband's bed and board. A magnificent retinue of attendants and servants accompanied treisure of attendants and servants accompanied by a French guard of honor and attendants accompanied by a French guard of honor and attendance was method by a French guard of honor and attendance was method by a French guard of honor and attendance was method by a French guard of honor and attendance was method by a French guard of honor and attendance was method by a French guard of honor and attendance was method to be a French guard of honor was method to be a french guard of honor was method to be a french guard of honor was method to be a french guard of honor was method to be a french guard of honor was method to be a french guard of honor was method to be a french guard of honor was method to be a french guard of honor was method to be a french guard of honor was method to be a french guard of honor was method guard guard to her to the Bavarian frontier, where she was met by a French guard of honor and attendants. The Germans were then all dismissed—Marie retain-

Marie by Caroline Murat, her traveling companion. Napoleon was wet to the skin; Marie was weary, sad and frightened; so the first

meeting was not a harbinger of happiness, and of cordial association to come.

This was followed by an order to drive on This was followed by an order to drive on with all rapidity to the emperor's elegant quarters at Compiegne, where the bridal pair arrived late that evening. How did the emperor welcome his tired guest? By ordering her to her apartments for rest, and by gentle ministrations to her disturbed spirit? Not at all. He proceeded with her to his private parlor and kept her there all night—talking!—an indignity which only confirmed her distress of mind, if it did not induce actual dislike of the man.

The marriage civil took place in the Tuileries April 1st with much ostentation, and on April 2d Cardinal Fesch bestowed the benediction in an imposing public ceremony—the bride's train

an imposing public ceremony—the bride's train being borne by three queens—Hortense of Hol-land; Julie of Spain; and Catharine of West-

There followed for the young wife imprison ment in her own sumptuous apartments. She had to endure the incessant presence of one or more of his six noble ladies of honor—women of inherited titles or of eminent connection. Her rooms were only accessible, even to the emperor, through an ante-chamber wherein slept one of these ladies, so that it was wholly impossible for any one to approach the empress unless unless unless. any one to approach the empress unless under surveillance. Even the wife's letters were written for her by one of these ladies. It would seem as if Napoleon was inordinately distrustful of her fidelity and took these precautions to make her "above suspicion." Not an unusual course for men to pursue who themselves are to be distrusted. Napoleon as father was then providing for his children, the young Count Walewski and the infant Count Leon; and as the entire Court was honeycombed with marital corruption it is was honeycombed with marital corruption it is not singular that he should have taken extraordinary measures to prevent any scandal or suspicion regarding his wife of state.

She, however, seemed submissive to it all, Mistake.

capital and demand the Regency for herself and the succession for her son, and thus keep the unpopular Bourbons from the throne? Not she! On the contrary she espoused the cause of the allies, and when Napoleon, on the 11th of April, at Fontainbleau, formally renounced of April, at Fontainbleau, formally renounced all claims to the thrones of France and Italy, for himself, his wife and his son, it was with her full assent; and having had conferred upon her the three little duchies of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla, she went—whither? With her exiled husband to Elba? Not she! She went to Vienna, and never saw Napoleon again, nor seemed to take any personal interest in his fortunes; save, indeed, to openly declare, on his return from Elba, the next year, her wish that he might be overcome.

return from Elba, the next year, her wish that he might be overcome.

If here could end the record of Marie Louise it would have spared the name and memory of an empress from shame; but, as she did not pass to the privacy of her father's home to remain there in seclusion; nor, after Napoleon's transportation to St. Helena and his death, remain in honorable widowhood, the biographer is forced to state that her life was one of disgraceful indifference to moral rectitude. She reforced to state that her life was one of disgraceful indifference to moral rectitude. She removed almost at once to her Italian duchies,
leaving her son in Vienna, a virtual state prisoner, and orphaned, for she apparently had deserted him designedly; left the child of Napoleon to perish miserably while she lived in open
and undisguised intimacy with Count Neipperg,
bearing him three children during Napoleon's
lifetime. After the great exile's death, and just
before Neipperg was to die, he was secretly
married to the ex-empress (1829)—thus to legitimize the three children. The eldest, a daughter, and the second, a son, have their family
name yet well preserved in their descendants.

Marie Louise lived and reigned in Parma until 1847—when she died—neither regretted nor
thought of, for she had almost passed from public observation.

lic observation.

In France, to-day, Josephine's name is reverenced; Marie Louise is scorned as "the Dutch

The Croquet Queen.

but, as her after life showed, the emperor had not been either too circumspect nor too decided in his household government.

Their first and only child was born March containing first and only child was born March 20th, 1811. Immense enthusiasm was excited by the event. The succession of Napoleon had been secured. Then in the zenith of his fame, france was Napoleon and Napoleon was France. No one thought of or hoped for a Bourbon restoration. The Louises had ruined and humiliated Crance: the great soldier had added luster to

ration. The Louises had ruined and humiliated France; the great soldier had added luster to the French name; Long live Napoleon! So the child was christened Napoleon-Francis-Joseph, and pronounced King of Rome.

How evanescent human glory! How insecure all crowns! In April, 1813, Napoleon left Paris on the Russian campaign. Not satisfied with having conquered, or reduced to submission, all of Central and Southern Europe, he proposed to make the czar sue for peace, and, in that act, took the step which led to his ruin, for, after a campaign of terrific severity, he found his shattered but still grand army environing the Russian capital of Moscow with winter cantonments, for a Russian winter is an awful enemy to unprotected men, and cantonments or permanent houses were essential to that grand

Whom Will She Marry? BETH FOSS.

The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER, author of "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. A WOMAN'S FINESSE.

"Hitherto she kept her love conceal'd, And with those graces ev'ry day beheld The graceful youth." November had come with its gray days, and its cold skies, and its chill winds that had swept the fallen leaves of Greenwilde's many maples into great, dry, rusting piles along the village streets. The last of the summer residents had streets. The last of the summer residents had departed, except the Thorne family, and they were preparing to close their house; a young, newly-married clergyman had been established in the pastorate left vacant by Mr. Foss; Jemima Pierce had found for herself a home with a niece, a well-to-do farmer's wife, and the latest gossip regarding Bethel Foss had lost its first flavor, indeed was becoming actually stale. And the Greenwilde populace were really thirsting for some new excitement. When, one morning, it was reported about the village that a doctor had been sent for, from the Sewalls, during the night, and had not yet left there, the

completing the business which had called him West and was preparing for a brief return to Greenwilde, previous to his establishment in New York to pursue the study of his chosen profession. To him, despite the disappointment that had stabbed him keenly at his parting with Bethel Foss, life looked wondrous bright. Possessed of fine physique, of perfect health and strength, of a weelby, idolizing father, of a well-cultivated mind, and freedom to pursue the course in life which was most in accordance with his tastes and ambitions, he could not but with his tastes and ambitions, he could not bu with his tastes and ambitions, he could not but feel that existence was a grand and enjoyable gift, even though his long-time sweetheart had denied him the crowning glory of her love and life. And even regarding Bethel, he felt more hopeful than on that morning when she had refused to listen to his suit. He could not believe that Rial Andral was cathelly his giral that noperul than on that morning when she had refused to listen to his suit. He could not believe that Rial Andral was actually his rival, that Beth's few weeks of association with him could ever have a serious result. He knew that Mr. Foss would never approve of such a lover for his daughter. He told himself that Bethel had not quite forgiven the little quarrel which had occurred between them the previous day, and, besides, had been unnerved by her mother's death. She had not been at all herself. When he should see her again, he felt that his chances to win her hand would be infinitely better than they had been upon the unlucky morning when he had made his first proposal. For Harry had heard no word of the events connected with the parson and his daughter which had convulsed Greenwilde society with excitement. His father had been his only correspondent from there, and, besides being little given to gossip, Mr. Sewall's mind had been too overtaxed with business anxieties, of late, to admit of his sending his son more than the briefest notes.

And so, when, one dreary November day, Harry Sewall swing himself from the platform. sant home.

ing his son more than the briefest notes.

And so, when, one dreary November day, Harry Sewall swung himself from the platform of a car at Greenwilde station, having crossed upon the road the telegram notifying him of his father's death and funeral, he was entirely unsuspicious of the cumulative trials that awaited him—his father dead and dishonored; his home in the hands of creditors; his helpless mother and two little sisters dependent upon him, his own loved career closed upon him; and Bethel—while only disaster and disgrace had come to him, Bethel, free, had entered the gay world, an heiress to greater wealth than he had ever dreamed of acquiring.

dreamed of acquiring.

It was scarcely strange that when one fair, bright face smiled upon him still, and a little gloved hand nestled into his the day of the funeral, and a soft voice whispered:

"We go away, day after to morrow, Harry:

you must come and say good-by to me before then," that he promised to do so, and gladly sought brief relief from his troubles, the next evening, by spending an hour with Miss Thorne, who spared no efforts to impress him with the beauty of her blue eyes and blonde curls, while she talked with him of what he had already

beauty of her blue eyes and blonde curls, while she talked with him of what he had already heard concerning his former sweetheart.

"And now," said Flavia, after the manner of young women in general, false to her friend because of the gentleman in the case, "I suppose Bethel will put on all the airs of a millionaire's daughter, and forget the very people among whom she has been brought up. I am not sure that even mamma and I will dare to call upon her august majesty."

"You must be joking, Miss Flavia," replied Harry, gravely. "We know that Bethel is not that style of young lady."

"You think not?" cried the yellow-haired Flavia, watching her companion with a little malicious sparkle in her eye. "Why, it is nearly always the way with people who are not born to position; and see how quickly she deserted her old friends for Mr. Andral."

Harry winced, inwardly, under this thrust.

"I think it is scarcely fair," he said, calmly, "to assume that it was Mr. Andral's wealth that won Beth's liking; nor am I sure that she cared for him other than she would have done for any pleasant, gentlemanly companion thrown into her society as he was, almost constantly, for

pleasant, gentlemanly companion thrown into her society as he was, almost constantly, for some weeks."

"Aren't you, indeed?" laughed Flavia, a little ring of defiance in her voice. "Then you do not think as every one else did." "That she ran away to meet him? No, I do ot. Has it not been proved otherwise?" Flavia bestowed upon her questioner an arch

Flavia bestowed upon her questioner an arch glance.

"It has been proved that she did not elope with him; but has it been proved that she did not intend to do so, or for what reason she left her home, if not to go with Mr. Andral? But we will not discuss that question. Of course I do not approve of runaway matches. I hope I have been too well brought up ever to disgrace myself and my friends in that way; but as for the rest, why, for my part, as Beth was so desperately in love with Mr. Andral, I do not see why she should not marry him. In fact, I expect the denouement of the whole affair will be cards for a grand Foss-Andral wedding, before the winter is over."

cards for a grand Foss-Andral wedding, before the winter is over."

"Since Bethel was so desperately in love with him," Harry kept repeating to himself. Surely Flavia ought to know the truth; the young ladies had been almost constant associates. But, even if this was a mistake, if Bethel was not desperately in love with Andral, and had not meant, when she ran away, to marry him, how changed was his own position toward her, and hers toward him, since that September noontime when he had told her of his longings, to share her sorrows, as her affianced husband. Then, it had seemed to him quite natural that she should quickly and proudly accept so excellent a proposal as his. Now, even if she had no other lover, was she likely from the hight of her new life and prosperity to smile upon him, and wait for the time when he, again, might be free to offer her his love, when, doubtless, scores of suitors would seek her hand?

And then, suddenly, he asked himself, bitterly, why he should think these thoughts at all. Had not Bethel refused him once, and had he not said that he would, and—must! And he turned more gayly to listen to Flavia's merry conversation, and gave her his promise, with a half-feeling of gratitude that she should so anxiously desire it, to call upon her, often, when they were both established in town.

"You see, through Mrs. Sewall and mamma, I know something of your plans," she said, allowing the plump hand she had given him in farewell to linger a moment, softly, in his, "and I dare to hope that your sacrifice of your profession will not be for long."

"It must be until every cent of my father's indebtedness is paid, and I can support my mother and sisters comfortably, while I pursue my studies," he answered gravely. "So you see that my chances of being admitted to the bar must be very distant, if, indeed, they are not forever blotted from existence."

"And you are going into business with your uncle?"

"And you are going into business with your uncle?" Bethel was so desperately in love with

And you are going into business with your

"And you are going into business with your uncle?"

"Yes"—a trifle bitterly—"into pork-packing! Uaromantic enough, is not it? But my uncle has made me a generous offer and I cannot afford to refuse it."

Though he spoke bravely, almost defiantly, Harry Sewall's whole soul revolted against the destiny forced upon him. But upon his bitterness a soft voice fell fraught with tender sympathy, and red lips murmured:

"I will not believe that misfortune can hold you in thralldom long; but even if it does, remember that all is not lost while one friend remains true to you and one heart is constant."

Harry Sewall glanced swiftly into Flavia's sapphire eyes with startled questioning; and met a look of defiant, tender confession that changed to shy confusion. Here was a fair woman, in the very face of his trouble, mutely betraying her love for him. The man who under such circumstances could have remained cold and unresponsive must have been more than human. Harry Sewall gave the hand he held such a warm, convulsive grasp, as drew its fair owner nearer to him. The golden head drooped, a half-parted, tempting, eager red mouth came close to his, and a kiss touched his lips; whether he was betrayed into taking it, or whether it had been voluntarily bestowed, only Flavia Thorne could have decisively averred.

When Miss Thorne entered her own roo

When Miss Thorne entered her own room, where her trunks stood packed for her departure in the morning, she cried aloud to herself:

"What do I care that I have confessed my secret to him? It will be a temptation to him, when he is in New York, and lonely, and struggling with fortune. And if I can win his heart—all things are fair in love and war—why should I not, when I have loved him so long?"

Miss Thorne surmised rightly that the confession of her secret would be a temptation to Harry Sewall. He could not quite define the feeling, half of aversion and half of pity, with which he thought afterward of that scene between himself and Flavia. He told himself that all the more, because of this betrayal of her feelings, in his position, he should avoid rather than seek her society. And yet he found himself often longing for sympathy, or even the sight and sound of a familiar face and voice, while alone in the great city, repressing his cherished hopes and struggling by devotion to a business most distasteful to him, to maintain those dependent upon him; and so fell into the habit of calling frequently at the Thornes' pleasant home.

CHAPTER XVII. ROSES AND THORNS.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

THE last night of the year which had been such an eventful one to Bethel Foss, found her family established in a stately new home, and lingering over a grate fire, amid the luxuries of her boudoir.

It was a charming suit of apartments—bath-room, bedroom and dressing-room—which Ma-dame De Witt had furnished with exquisite taste and lavish expenditure for her daughter. The walls were daintily frescoed, and hung, here and there with choice pictures. The velvet carpets were finished with wide oriental borcarpets were finished with wide oriental borders; the satin furniture was one mass of voluptuous upholstery; silken portieres hung within the embroidered window-shades, and supplied the places of doors; the bed was half-hid in tentlike draperies; tables, baskets, ornaments, toilet appliances—everything that could contribute to convenience and enjoyment was greatered. appliances—everything that could contribute to convenience and enjoyment was generously supplied, and the colors that prevailed everywhere, in exquisite harmony, were azure and gold. And the young lady who sat with her pretty little furry-slippered feet crossed upon a hassock before the fender, and her lustrous brown hair falling in a glittering cloud down over her richly-embroidered dressing-gown, was not the least attractive feature amid all this beauty.

Early in the evening her mother had play-

Early in the evening her mother had play-fully sent Bethel to her rooms, with the com-mand that she was to retire directly, that she might be charmingly fresh and bright for New Year's day; but the striking of the last hour of the dying year found her still sleepless and deep in thought.

the dying year found her still sleepless and deep in thought.

She had been recalling that day when Jemima had come to her at Miss Hallgarten's, and told her of the strange events that had resulted in her father's leaving his native land for a foreign mission field; and that evening when Max Duncan had called, and she had greeted him with eager thanks for all the trouble he had taken for her; and the convergation that had taken for her; and the conversation that had

ensued.

"And you must be my counselor, until 1 can get advice from papa. How soon can an answer come to the letter you sent him, if, as Jemima says, it was forwarded immediately from Green-

"Not under some weeks. In the mean time I think I can tell you just what Mr. Foss would

I think I can tell you just what Mr. Foss would wish you to do."

"Go back to Greenwilde and stay with Jemima until he can send for me?" anxiously. "But you do not know," hurriedly, "how I dread to do that. I feel that I have no friends there, after the unkind way in which they have treated my father, and—the wretched things they believe of me," with an effort to be proudly calm that brought a sudden delicious flush to her cheeks. "Do you not think Miss Hallgarten would let me stay with her a few more weeks, or could you find me some other quiet place where I could keep Jemima with me?"

Max had answered with a pleasant laugh:

"Don't worry about going back to Greenwilde nor dream that your father will allow you to bury yourself in a foreign country. None of these arrangements are in the least such as I think Mr. Foss would make for you."

Then Bethel's gaze had met his, questioningly, "You have heard" hesitatingly "of my for

Then Bethel's gaze had met his, questioningly, wonderingly.

"You have heard," hesitatingly, "of my father's troubles? You cannot refer to my mother—mean that I would go to her?" in a tone of mingled incredulity and intense aversion. Through the representation of Jemima, Bethel had regarded her mother as responsible for all the undeserved unkindness and disgrace heaped upon her father, and as being altogether a person whom it would be her duty to avoid. She had not learned, then, the entirety of Madame De Witt's history, and the light in which it was looked upon by persons less prejudiced than Miss Pierce and of more worldly experience. But Mr. Duncan had met her horrified, amazed look with an amused smile.

"I certainly do refer to your mother, or, as

"I certainly do refer to your mother, or, as she is known to society by her maiden name, Madame De Witt. I happen to be one of her personal friends, and can assure you that she is a most charming woman—cultivated, talented, elegant and beautiful. Any young lady is to be envied who can call such a woman mother. She is tanderly any iver to make you have again. She is tenderly anxious to make you her companion and charge; and I have excellent reasons for believing that had Mr. Foss never left his quiet pastorate in Greenwilde, he would have sent you to fill the place in society to which, as Madame De Witt's child and heiress,

you should be accustomed."
"What reasons have you for believing so?"
with wide-opened eyes. "Could my father
have helped hating a woman who had deceived

Max told her the history of madame's past, as Max told her the history of madame's past, as he had heard it from his uncle, and of the communications Mr. Foss had had with Messrs. Tremaine and Merritt; and that Mr. Tremaine, himself, would visit her upon the morrow and Madame De Witt within a day or so, and that the plans her friends proposed were the proper ones for her to adopt. And when he went away he had left Bethel beset with conflicting emotions and strange new dreams.

When Max had talked to her of her mother, Bethel had nitied more than she had blamed

When Max had talked to her of her mother, Bethel had pitied more than she had blamed her. Indeed, everything connected with Madame De Witt had assumed a new light. Besides, she longed keenly for chaperonage and companionship; and before the lawyer made his visit, or her fascinating mother came to put the decisive seal upon her daughter's bright dream, Bethel had resolved to accept the golden career upon which smiling fate, with beckoning hand, waited to lead her. And Jemima protesting and indignant at her favorite's

beckoning hand, waited to lead her. And Jemima, protesting and indignant at her favorite's degeneracy, returned to Greenwilde, to seek for herself a home, while the parson's daughter left to the past her thoughtless, merry girlhood, its later loneliness and sorrows, and entered into the midst of luxury, novelty, and associations, that seemed to promise to her excitement-loving nature an existence of perpetual delight.

And now that Bethel, with the same frank, bewitching grace which had characterized her as the belle of the New England village, dwelt in this paradise of wealth, and daily made new friends—for careful training and inherited blueblood had fitted her to move in any society and quickly catch its tricks of usage and conventionalisms—now that she sat among the zure and golden luxuries of her dressing-room, its tionalisms—now that she sat among the azure and golden luxuries of her dressing-room, its profusion of charming bric-brac, and statuettes, and gorgeous great panels of mirrors, as non-chalantly as she would have once sat in her little parsonage room at Greenwilde, had she found no serpent in her paradise, no poisoned flower amid its blooms?

Yes; she had felt already the sting of a thorn in her path of roses. Something had happened that had vividly recalled the scenes of the past, and its folly and remores, and had set her to

and its folly and remorse, and had set he

drearily meditating, and trying to read her own heart and the hearts of those around her.

That day she had received her first call from her friend Flavia. Miss Thorne had scarcely her pepared to find the country parson's daughter, whom she had been wont to covertly patronize, transformed into the stylish young stately grace to greet her, and living in a home had any the came into the parlors with calm, stranged and the came into the parlors with calm, stranged and the came into the parlors with calm, stranged and the came into the parlors with calm, stranged and the came into the parlors with calm, stranged and the came into the parlors with calm, stranged and the came into the parlors with calm, stranged and the call of the rain and the wail of the sat wind in her ears, this fair-faced woman, stately grace to greet her, and living in a home had for each and the call of the rain and the wail of the sat wind in her ears, this fair-faced woman, stately grace to greet her, and living in a home had for each and the wail the far to work there went a cold chill of horror over the house, for a maid had found little Grace with the big blue eyes and the condition of the parlors with Flaving's passions, the ladies met each other with a formality utterly foreign to their more givish associations. Still, Bethel succeeded in inducing her guest to receive the first many mag; fil soon settle this thing. If our and will any mag; fil soon settle this thing, if one dead any Will are dead, we're needed ther help bird, my been timely to her with the stry is one regoes for an investigate, as the could not be stay with the drip of the rain and the wail of the sat what he year of the sat way.

And here, standing in the gloony twiling the parlor of the parlor more deeply inwoven with Flavia's passions, the ladies met each other with a formality utterly foreign to their more girlish associations. Still, Bethel succeeded in inducing her guest to remain to luncheon, to meet Madame De Witt, who was attending to some preparations for New Year day and would not be at home until that hour; and during the intervening time diplomatically succeeded in keeping the conversation from turning upon Greenwilde, and too personal matters. But of the misfortunes that pad overtaken the Sewall family Flavia did not

sation from turning upon Greenwilde, and too personal matters. But of the misfortunes that had overtaken the Sewall family Flavia did not neglect to inform Bethel.

"On, I am so sorry!" cried Bethel, in an outburst of heartfelt sympathy for her old playmate. "It is terribly hard that Harry should be forced to sacrifice his plans, and devote himself to mercantile pursuits, that he hates. Just when life seems brightest and worth its most to a young man, too!"

But you have no idea how calmly he takes it; and he is just devoted to his mother and lit-tle sisters. They are coming to town to live soon. Mamma is interesting herself in finding

soon. Mamma is interesting herself in finding them cheap apartments, in some convenient and respectable locality."

"Of course he is calm! Harry Sewall is too brave and noble to let others suffer unnecessarily through seeing how grievous is his own sorrow and disappointment!" exclaimed Miss Foss, warmly. "And what would Mrs. Sewall do without him, delicate and clinging as she is? Mrs. Thorne is kind to extend a helping hand to her; and I hope you will send me their address, that I may call upon them as soon as they are settled. Ah! mamma!"

Bethel arose to introduce the new-comer, and shortly after, luncheon was announced—a meal

Bethel arose to introduce the new-comer, and, shortly after, luncheon was announced—a meal that madame chose should be quite informal and in every way delightful, and—it was understood among her own and her daughter's friends—an hour of social reunion for any visitors, ladies or gentlemen, who should choose to present themselves at that time. To-day, though no gentlemen were present, the hour slipped gayly by, until just before the ladies left the table Madame De Witt suddenly announced:

Why, Beth, dear, I had quite forgotten that I have some pleasant news for you!"
"For me?" brightly; "then pray do not delay

I must congratulate you upon Mr. Andral's

"Certainly!" laughed madame; then, looking up, and regarding her daughter's haughty, annoyed face she added, with a pretty little gesture of astonishment: "Surely you are glad that your affiance has returned?"

your affance has returned?"
It was the first mention of Rial Andral that had ever been made between them; and when Cecile thus coolly and publicly assumed that he was her daughter's lover, Bethel knew that for the time the was the solution of the state was her daughter's lover, Bethel knew that for the time she could only remain silent. This was not the opportunity for explanations; and a de-nial of Rial's relations to her she was as yet powerless to make; and she led the way back to the parlors with such a dead, dull weight fallen upon her heart as had not been there in many days. But no sooner was their guest gone than Miss Foss hastened to say:

days. But no sooner was their guest gond.
Miss Foss hastened to say:

"You have assumed, mamma, that I must be pleased at Mr. Andral's return. I am far from sure that I am, though I do desire at least one interview with him. And, mamma, pray pardon me if I am too inquisitive, is Rial the son of the man who was once your betrothed husband?"

Cecile did not see those straightforward eyes bent upon her face as she softly answered:

Then neither will you care often to meet him."
"My dear," said Madame De Witt, generously

and impressively, "I have no right to remember the father's sins against the son. Besides. with years, I have quite outlived that girlish romance. Your betrothed, Bethel, shall be freely welcomed to my house."

A swift look of dissent passed over Bethel's face, but she made no reply. She found Madame De Witt a delightful companion, but there was no sweet heart communion between the was no sweet heart communion between them that wooed her to make to this new parent a confession of her folly, and her soul's revolt against the fetters which she had voluntarily and rashly assumed. For once away from Rial's personal influence Bethel had not wasted upon him a single sweetheart's dream. Indeed, from the moment she had gone from the deceitful atmosphere of his magnetic influence and hot passion, into the presence of her dying stepmother, she had repented her engagement to him; and she had repented her engagement to him; and had sought with wild, affectionate remorse to make a retraction of the cath with which she had ratified it, and—through that strange web of circumstances in which she had become entangled—had failed; but now she was to have an opportunity to see him and must meet him. an opportunity to see him and must meet him, at the very first, as his betrothed, and—what was the end to be?

And then-why must thoughts of Harry Sew all inweave themselves with her anxious medita tions, and why did she seem to see Max Duncar with a look of regard upon his face—a strange cold, repellent expression—such as she had never really known to come to it? What inter-est had either of them in the fate that she had woven for herself and the bonds of which she

And if she should find herself powerless to Bethel shivered, and arising at the stroke of midnight hurriedly prepared for bed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 438.)

Was It Sin?

BY MARY REED CROWELL

MURIEL DALZELL had been standing inside the sweeping portieres of the large circular orie window for nearly an hour, looking out into the gathering dusk of the rainy June afternoon with eyes that betokened some warfare of soul she had come hither to fight out alone.

Her guests had gone to their rooms to dress

for the half-past seven o'clock dinner; the house was unusually quiet, and in the one room where she was lights had not yet been brought, so that for the time being Muriel had her woe all to her-

ful as a white lily, with her creamy skin like rose-leaves, and her great, magnificent dark eyes full of passionful blue fire, and her shining hair of rich blue-black beauty.

hair of rich blue-black beauty.

She had made her toilet before she came down from her room, and with her rare, elegant taste that could afford to be gratified to the extremest extent, she had this afternoon put on a dress of some fleecy material, and white as foam, wearing ribbons of deep bright cherry—a toilet that lit up the gloom of the dreary day, and that made her look ravishingly beautiful.

She ought to have been so happy—this fair woman who owned such a magnificent estate that an hour's brisk driving in any direction

that an hour's brisk driving in any direction would not have taken her to its boundary—this woman, just barely twenty years old, with such

eyed woman was standing there in the gloomy shadows, wondering why it was her Fate was so tantalizingly cruel, Grace Morris, up in one of the guest's chambers, was braiding her yel-low hair, and looking at the sweet smiling re-flection of her dimpled face in the glass, won-dering if Willis would be pleased with her in the toilet she had selected, and thinking what a

dering if Willis would be pleased with her in the toilet she had selected, and thinking what a happy, happy girl she was because Willis Saxton loved her.

While, in the quiet of the dimly-lighted smoking-room, Willis Saxton was walking slowly up and down, thinking of the complication into which his Destiny had brought him.

A year ago he had asked Grace Morris to marry him. To-night he would have almost exchanged his soul for the privilege of telling Muriel Dalzell how madly he loved her, how empty his life would be without her when he should go away from her.

That fortnight he had been at The Elms had been one long conflict between honor and passion that had maddened him with the power-lessness on the one hand, the temptation on the other, until, to-night he had come to think that life or death hung on his loyalty or disloyalty.

A half-hour later a merry party of guests were eagerly coaxing Miss Dalzell for a favor.

"Do, do, Muriel, there's a dear," Winnie Warren said, caressing Muriel's fair, jeweled fingers.

"It's just the thing for a stormy night like this, and of all things in the world, impromptu charades and tableaux are the most delightful. Say yes, Muriel."

And that was how the first link in the chain of fate was forged.

Just awhile after that, while nearly all the party were looking over some plates of instruction, or dressing for parts already assigned

Just awhile after that, while nearly all the party were looking over some plates of instruction, or dressing for parts already assigned them, Willis Saxton came up to Muriel, as she stood a little apart from the lights and the gay group, conspicuous among which was Gracie Morris with her lovely yellow hair.

Muriel's heart gave a sudden little leap—it always did when he came near her; but her face never lost its sweet gravity as she looked at him, graciously, pleasantly.

raciously, pleasantly.
"I believe they have decided on a wedding ene, Miss Dalzell, and you are selected to per-

Bethel's cheeks flushed hotly under Flavia's eyes turned suddenly and questioningly upon her, but there was a patrician hauteur, that would have done credit to Cecile's self in her manner, as she questioned:

"And that is the pleasant news you have for the self-that her instantly answered, and he soul.

"And that is the pleasant news you have for the bent his head a little lower as he answered her she could not have helped suddenly looking in his eyes. He saw a question there that he instantly answered, and you are selected to personate the bride."

To have saved her she could not have helped suddenly looking in his eyes. He saw a question there that he instantly answered, and you are selected to personate the bride."

"I have consented to be the groom—provided agreeable to you, Miss Dalzell."

Agreeable to her! A little rush of agitated color went over her face, then Grace Morris's gay, happy laughter struck a chill of the old despair to her heart.

"Anything to oblige Mr. Seyton. As I am "Anything to oblige, Mr. Saxton. As I am already in white, there will be no trouble about the toilet."

already in white, there will be no trouble about the toilet."

Her words were so coolly courteous, her heart so throbbingly eager with delight, so sick with the pain that never would leave it again—and Willis Saxton for a moment that he heard her words and saw her face, wondered if he were not a hopeless fool to ever have thought, or dreamed, or imagined that she possibly might have cared.

Everything arranged, the drawing-room was at once deserted for the dressing-rooms and impromptu stage and auditorium—the great dancing-saloon—deserted save by Muriel, who, her necessary orders given, returned to the quiet solitariness—to find Willis Saxton standing beside the cheery open fireplace, to see him start forward as she came in the room, his face all alight, his eyes sparkling.

alight, his eyes sparkling.
"I did not dare think you would be back, but I hoped it—Muriel, it is impossible that there can be silence between you and I any longer,

mpossible because I love you—"
He had almost snatched her in his arms as ne spoke hurriedly, passionately, and he had tissed her before she scarcely realized it all. Then, with a piteous little exclamation she freed herself from him, trembling from head to

No! No! You must not-it will kill her-"No! No! You must not—It will kill her—
no, you shall not, I say!"

For he would have taken her again, kissing
all her words of demur away. Then a rap on
the door effectually ended the scene, and Muriel had to descend to the commonalities of

ife to receive a message from the servant, and nswer it.
It seemed to Willis Saxton that he never had seen such exquisite beauty in all his life as Muriel Dalzell's was that night. There was a bewitchingness in her manner he never had seen before, a glow on her cheeks, a fire in her eyes that quickened all his pulses as he looked at her, and listened to her low, sweet voice, and felt, with thrills of mockingly mad pain, that he he had converted him as no women eyes had she had conquered him as no woman ever had done, or could do, that he worshiped her so madly that Gracie, and honor, and sworn vows

were as feathers on an adverse wind before this passion this fair woman had awaked. So the merry evening went on, and charade and tableau kept the gay company in shouts of laughter—and all the while Muriel went about with that glitter of splendid excitement in her with that gitter of spiendid excrement in her eyes, that smile on her lovely lips that made the man who was watching her feel that it were worth all else to have her for his own, that made little Grace Morris come up to her and tell her how gloriously she looked, and beg her, in her pretty, roguish way not to look too much in earnest during the marriage scene.

And then the unwriage scene are the in-

much in earnest during the marriage scene.

And then the marriage scene came—the interior of the little rustic chapel, so beautifully and hastily improvised by Muriel's artistic steward and his corps of servants; the "dim religious light" over it all; the heralding music from the grand organ in the adjoining room; and then when the curtain went much the second and then, when the curtain went up the second time, Muriel Dalzell and Willis Saxton standing time, Muriel Dalzell and Willis Saxton standing at the altar, while the surpliced clergyman read the solemn service—so real, so awfully real, that a hush fell on the laughing audience, and Gracie Morris felt a strange quiver of pain and

And then the curtain went down, and while there arose exclamations and encores of delight from without, and the gentleman who had officiated as clergyman went away, Willis Saxton suddenly stooped and kissed her, and she as suddenly laid her hand on his sleeve and looked at him with something in her eyes that thrill-ed him with strange, feverish expectation of

"Don't!—not until—not till you have sworn ou will forgive me! Oh, Willis Saxton—" A great white agony spread over her face that frightened him.

"Muriel, you could do nothing I would not orgive!—nothing—except to send me hopeless-

"It is you who will send me away; but—but
I could not help it, because I love you so, I
want you so, always—always!" Her voice was low, intense, and her words thrilled him from head to foot.
"You love me! Oh, my darling—"
Then she looked at him, a strange expression of pride and defiance and entreaty in her straight

lance.
"Wait—try not to hate me—because—it was not a farce—that man was a justice of the peace for whom I sent—on purpose! Oh, Willis!" And he snatched her to him, straining her to

THE "OLD JOGAFEE."

BY JAS. G. MCKENZIE.

I wish there was no "Jogafee," To study summer days, Nor any capitals or towns, Nor any seas or bays.

I do not care a single bit
Which way the rivers run,
While Sam, and Bob, and Fred, and John,
Are having all the fun.

And if I don't be President, I guess I shouldn't care— (They always to I us boys about That Presidential chair!)

I wish I was a bumble-bee, And couldn't read a word, But then the bees all have to work; I guess I'd be a bird— And fly away to Alder brook, And watch for dace and trout— Oh, dear, this corner is so hot, I wish I could get out!

I'm glad the teacher looks so warm; I'm glad she's tired, too— Looking around this way to see How near the chapter's through.

Maybe she don't like staying in! How pale and still she looke, Laying her head down on the desk, Beside her pile of books.

I guess I'll try this page once more. Come here, old Jogafee! Hurrah! I know it. Where's my hat? I'm out before it's three.

Wild Will,

THE MAD RANCHERO:

THE TERRIBLE TEXANS. A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big

Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM." (MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"What in thunderation is up now?" exclaimed Tom, aroused by the Irishman's yell.

"I reckon Layry's made a match with anuther panther on a flyin' race, an' he's jist knocked ther spots outen the animile at that. Joe, I'll bet twenty saddle-nags that Larry can outjump, leap, dive an' yell any human white, red, yaller or black, this side ther Rockies. He's a reg'lar cuss, he are, an' I freeze ter him frum this day out as a pard. Here he cums. Sling yer lariat down an' we'll haul him up outen ther drink. Reckon he ain't so alm'ty dry an'

drink. Reckon he ain't so almi'ty dry an' tharsty as he ware."

The Irishman's head came up at the base of the bank, as Tom addressed the last remark to

Larry, his head turned back to the opposite shore, clutched wildly at the soft clay, trying in vain to climb up the slimy, perpendicular

Seeing no signs of the horrible corpse which he had thought in close pursuit of him, he cast a wistful, pleading look up to his comrades for help, just as the lariat was lowered for him to

manner addressed his comrades:

"God save us all, for it's the divel himsilf I'm
afther sain', barrin' the tail, an' I'm not shure
but it was that same what was whiskin' about the bushes afther me. Heaven an' the blissed Saint Patrick stand betune us an' all harum, an defind us, fur it's not far frum Purgetory we is. Sure I'll bliss the hour we l'ave this hole, an' me eurse on all what's in it; a mon can't say what minute he's not in mortal danger o' death Musba! which way is ould Ireland frum this! Begorra, if I c'u'd only hav' a kiss o' the Emer-ald Isle, I'd lay down on the daisies an' die wid

"Larry," said Tom, "calm yerself; nothin' ain't a-goin' ter hurt yer when yer with us. If we hadn't bored a hole through ther panther, he'd 'a' beat yer on ther leap an' dive, bet yer life! Now, jist sling it in plain English: what in thunder has yer seen in their brushe yonder; what thunder has yer seen in ther brush yonder; what made yer h'ist yerself so speedy? I knows ye're no coward, fur yer jist waded inter ther reds down below hansum, arter yer got yer han' inter

Larry scratched his head, withdrew his gaze from the dead horse, and looked at his companions; suddenly his face brightened as he an

Be the powers o' pewther, I mind the time "Be the powers o' pewther, I mind the time whin yees ware all mighty near scared to dith, be the same what I seen; but the divel was alive, an' ridin' a horse. Do yees forgit the time beyant be the crassin', an' Misther Big Huff an' ther other b'ys ware wid us, an' that wild divel wid his face painted cum ridin' betune us, wid never a look at ather? Do yees mind whin he went afther the Injuns alone, be himsilf? Be jabers! but he's the same we're afther what was ridin' the dead horse below there ther what was ridin' the dead horse below there bit, an' 'pon me soul he's dead himsilf enthire-y an' layin' in the bush."

Joe and Tom looked at each other significant-

ly, as the former asked, earnestly:
"Larry, are you sure Wild Will—for I suppose you mean him—is dead, and if so, why did

you run from him?"

"Sure that's the mon, or divil, or whatever he is," answered Larry, quickly. "Wild Will; troth an' it's a fair name for the likes of him, but I know a better—Bludy Will, for it's the same that he l'aves behind him, but he'll not make it more. Begora! it's the wolves what's givin' him a dacint wake, an' the dirty buzzards ar' moanin' wid joy over him."

"But what did you run for, Larry?" again inquired Joe; "he couldn't hurt you if he was dead."

"Pon me soul." answered Larry in a con-

is a moanin' wid joy over him."

"But what did you run for, Larry!" again inquired Joe; "he couldn't hurt you if he was dead."

"Pon me soul," answered Larry, in a cautious whisper, gazing suspiciously over the stream, "I'd not stop near him fur the world, an' I'll niver forgit the sight of him till me dy in' day, which, God help me, I'm thinkin's not far off. Sure, don't yees know that his soul is a-hoverin' over him, he havin' died widout praste or prayer, an' his spirit, knowin' the bad place it has ter go, is now whiskin' round in the woods, for the divil, his masther, I'm supposin', wouldn't be expicted to be handy at all times, in sich a wild cuss ev a counthry, to claim his own."

I ain't a-goin' ter stand back when I ve got such backers as you are to stand by me."

"I goes my last siug on yer all" announced by for in when ther next rub comes yer won't see me sit an' gaze at yer. But, this don't pay; git yer traps together an' cready to slope. Lucky our nags are outen ther sight o' ther reds. We can jist leave our hats an' huntin'-shirts on ther bushes kinder that an' scoot fur ther horses. We can far off. Sure, don't yees know that his soul is a noteral like an' scoot fur ther horses. We can far off. Sure, don't yees know that his soul is another aimal, and the two, prancing and kick-ing about, drew the attention of the Indians from the Rangers.

"I ain't a-goin' ter stand back when I ve got such backers as you are to stand by me."

"I goes my last siug on yer all" announced by me."

"I goes my last siug on yer all" announced of exultant ferocity, such as they had noticed upon him previous to or in the midst of a despendency in the laugh changed to a smile, the said of exultant ferocity, such as they had noticed upon him previous to or in the laugh changed to a smile, the said of exultant ferocity. "Are yer gittin' luny, Tonk?" asked Big Foot, what said in the laugh changed to a smile, the such asking on the study of exultant ferocity, such as they had noticed upon him previous to or in the fundancies.

own."
Tom here sprung to his feet, exclaiming, im-

or Kit either an' neither one's dead. Kit has slapped down the river, and Will have skedaddled sumwhar up creek, I don't care a cuss whar; he has give us a tuff run fur nothin', an' ther sooner we git-up-an'-git ter help our pards on ther Guadalupe ther better. Kit will fetch up hunk, bet a slug!"

Joe, Tom and Larry—the latter casting anxious looks behind—were soon galloping down

up hunk, bet a slug!"

Joe, Tom and Larry—the latter casting anxious looks behind—were soon galloping down the river, where they found a trail which led to a point where they could water their horses.

"Sure an'ye say the corpus was not atther bain' there at all at all!" asked Larry of Tom.
"Troth an' that proves what I was afther early in the condition of the company of the com

bain' there at all at all?" asked Larry of Tom.
"Troth an' that proves what I was afther sayin' to yees. Bedad! but the ould one wid hoofs, horns an' tail has him be this, takin' him to his infarnal home, an' I'd not be sarprised but he'd frighten the divilsthimselves whin he goes ravin' an' ragin' into purgathery."
"Don't yer be too sure of that Larry," and the same at large and the sayin' are too war more fash'nerable among 'em."
The Tonkaway now held up his hand common and the sayin' and the s

camp.

Tom felt that Kit would make for the place where he knew Mary to be last, and once there, with his knowledge of trailing, he would soon find out the direction taken by the party in pursuit; so he had no fears for Kit, allowing that the latter had recovered from his wounds and rough treatment.

This he communicated to Joe, as they rode at as fast a lone as the condition of their mustangs

as fast a lope as the condition of their mustangs would permit, toward the point where they would find they were sadly needed, and also that dangers and difficulties were thickening.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RED TRAILER TO THE RESCUE.

THE scene upon the prairie after the capture of Mary, as it presented itself to Big Foot and his pards, was one of animation.

The Apache warriors galloped hither and thither in seemingly wild confusion, but very soon the dead and wounded were bound upon the horses which had not strayed far from the battle-field.

These, with Mary secured upon the horse of Bear Claw, escorted by some forty warriors, struck up the river, while the remainder of the war-party, a score of those most noted for brave deeds, were picked out by their chief and left behind. left behind. No sooner were the main party well started than those who were left behind sprung from their mustangs and seated themselves upon the

airie grass. Bags of dried beef were taken from their sad-

Bags of dried beef were taken from their saddles and they coolly eyed the Rangers, while they broke their fast and allowed their animals to graze the length of their lariats. It was very evident to Big Foot and his comrades that these warriors remained for their especial benefit, and that without doubt they would be attacked the coming night, when their long-range guns could not be brought into use, except at close quarters.

The Indians, outnumbering them as they did, would stand a good chance, even without using

In a moment after Larry was drawn up and seated on the grass, between Tom and Joe, whose great curiosity to know what had alarmed the Irishman—suspecting it was something connected with the object of their search—kept them from laughing at the comical appearance and actions of their pard.

Gazing at the other side of the river in horrible anticipation, panting with weakness, the Irishman crossed himself, and then in a hurried manner addressed his comrades:

"God save us all for the side of the first part to be able to cope with their dangerous foes, who were so calmly watching them and waiting for darkness.

They could easily crade the large strength in order to be able to cope with their dangerous foes, who were so calmly watching them and waiting for darkness.

who were so calmly watching them and waiting for darkness.

They could easily evade the Indians by crossing the river as soon as it became dark, but they knew their friends, who had gone on the trail of Wild Will and Kit, were liable to return, and they were not the kind of men who would leave a way open for the capture of their comrades; and another thing—if the boys did rejoin them they would stand a chance to cut this party of Apaches off from those who had Mary, and thus make it easier to regain the lost girl.

make it easier to regain the lost girl.

As Big Foot swallowed the last bit of food which he could find in his saddle pockets he pro-

which he could find in his saddle-pockets he produced his pipe, and between the whiffs threw out his opinions and advice in regard to their present surroundings and future movements.

"Boys, this are the wust kind of a fix tew be cotched in. The red varmints has split an sker-tumped with Mollie, all we care a dang fur; but, takin' keer ter leave behind enuf o' ther but takin' keer ter leave behind enuf same scum ter keep us frum follerin'. I reckon on Joe, Tom an' Larry cummin' in this-a-ways, an' maybe Kit with 'em; then we can jist h'ist this party outen their mogasons, an' stand a show to break up ther big funeral what's on thar hands that's scooted ahead with Mollie. No use talkin', arter all this fuss, that air gall has got ter prom'nade ther Medina banks ag'in, free an' light an' airy, jist whar she wants ter glide; or this old sculp hangs on a Apache lance. When The got this fur on a thing I ain't a goin' ter wilt until I've done ther biz what I started in fer if ther hull danged Comanch', Apach' an' Kioway tribes stan' 'cross my trail."

"Big Foot chief talk straight." exclaimed the

Conkaway. "Small war-party make big fight—all braves—Raven make Apache fool when night comes—Raven no speak much—think ap!"
"That's jist whar I'm drivin'," returned Jack,

"That's jist whar I m drivin, retained sack, in answer to Big Foot, at the same time scratching his head thoughtfully. "Tonk, I'm with yer, old boy, every time. I'm a danged long ways frum bein' weakened by what scrimmages we has had on ther trip, so fur, an I kalculate tew handle ther ribbons fur Sappington

river for Joe.

As he stood once more on the bank and gave his pard the much needed drink, he said, hastily:

"Boys, our game's up here; Will ain't 'round Wit's often and residue of which lay the corpse of the Comanche chief.

war more fash nerable among 'em."

The Tonkaway now held up his hand com-

frighten the divils thimselves whin he goes ravin' an' ragin' into purgathery."

"Don't yer be too sure of that, Larry," answered Tom; "you'll see the cuss afore anuther noon, I reckon, jist on ther rampage as usual, an' maybe b'ilin' over wuss, fer ther Red Trailer hain't dead yet; but the word's travel now; don't spare yer spurs, fur they may want us on t'other trail."

After clearing the hills they struck toward the Guadalupe river, not thinking it necessary to return to the battle-field of the previousnight, as they could by following a course north-east come out somewhere near where Big Foot's party would strike the river, as the trail of Bear Claw ran due north from the Comanche camp.

Tom felt that Kit would make for the place where he knew Mary to be last, and once there, with his knowledge of trailing, he would soon find out the direction taken by the party in pursuit; so he had no fears for Kit, allowing and the latter had recovered from his wounds and

bate most awful ter cum inter ther bottom arter

hate most awith ter cum inter the tottom freddark."

"That's good, Clown!" answered Big Foot;
"yer he'd ain't holler. We can leave our nags right here an' play tricks on 'em."

The mustangs were secured in a manner that would allow them to feed, and then the Rangers

got ready for work.
"Now, fu'stly," commanded Big Foot, "scat-

got ready for work.

"Now, fu'stly," commanded Big Foot, "scatter clean up-stream, each on yer a quarter a mile apart; git all ther dried deadwood an' git it as near ther edge o' ther puraria as yer can without bein' seen. Then when yer are hearin' an owl hoot ruther nat'ral like, jist yer all light ther fires an' git back here, then we'll h'ist up Bear Claw whar the cuss can take his last look on ther 'Paches on ther blooming perairia."

All made their way over the natural bridge, which was easily found by following the trail which was easily found by following the trail which led to the same from the motte, each wondering in their minds how the frail girl had the nerve to climb the dangerous tree, and pass over the dizzy hight, which they themselves found so difficult.

Their admiration of her courage and endurance was doubled after they reached the ground on the opposite side of the stream, and gazed back at the slender network of limbs over which she had made her way unassisted, weakened as she must have been by fasting, loss of sleep, and horrors which would have killed most men.

Jack Hodge, Clown and the Tonkaway glided up the river to the several points selected for the mysterious fires: while Big Foot made preparations to start his blaze at the border of the timber.

At the hoarse hooting of the owl, the signal

At the hoarse hooting of the owl, the signal agreed upon, each fire was lighted, and the dead-wood limbs being dry as tinder sent up at once a volume of flame some six feet high.

It was but a short time before the giant scout was joined by the others, and all crawled up to the verye of the woods and record through the

the verge of the woods and peeped through the paid them for their trouble, for the Apache

camp was in an uproar.

The four fires springing up simultaneously, at points where they had no idea any humans were cated, not only puzzled them, but they were

reatly alarmed.

As our friends peeped through, the Apaches were hurrying hither and thither, gesticulating and jabbering at a great rate.

"Now, Tonk!" exclaimed Big Foot, a broad

grin overspreading his features. "jist snake verself over ther drink, an fotch ther extra lariats; drag that are noble red-man down; hitch on ter ther cuss, an' we'll drag him across, an' giv' him a h'ist right over this fire Before the scout had finished speaking Raven had disappeared on his mission, and in a short time he again came among the Rangers, dragging the body of Bear Claw, they both being

"Take that lariat, Tonk," ordered Big Foot, 'an' scoot up ther tree, an' run it round tha imb, an' be re'dy ter h'ist when I give ther word. The Tonkaway silently and cautiously did as he was directed. Below the limb was a large space quite open to the view of the Apaches

When all was ready, and Big Foot was about to give the signal for hoisting up the Indian, the Tonkaway suddenly sprung upright upon the limb and peered through the branches, uttering a grunt of surprise and pleasure.

"Whar yer drivin to now, Tonk?" cried the stranger persons of Reven

Jack, noticing the strange manner of Raven.
"Keep a stiff hold on yer line, an' yer best eye
on yer leaders. What's a-goin' on up ther road?"
A gesture of caution was made by Raven, who, with a grin upon his usually stoical countendindicated that he was ready for Bear Claw Slowly the dead warrior was raised and held as high as the giant scout could reach; but Ra-ven was not able to hoist the body alone, so

Clown had to go to his assistance.

By their united exertions, the Comanche chief was placed in position facing outward, and in plain view of the Apaches.

Raven secured the slack end of the rope to the trunk of the tree, and followed Clown to the ground, as Big Foot exclaimed: Waal, I reckon Bear Claw are about as nigh er heaven as he ever will git."
But his attention was suddenly drawn from

culate tew handle ther ribbens fur Sappington ag'in, an' jist make a coach hum over ther Austin road. I'm in tew ther death an' 'll shoot till ther last kick, an' skip lively on my last trip in full harness with ther bit atween my teeth."

"Waal, pards," put in Clown, but not in a boasting way, "as long as I played a lone hand ag'in' fifteen of ther same tribe up on ther Pecos, I ain't a-goin' ter stand back when I've got such backers as you are to stand by me."

"Raven as he ever will git."

But his attention was suddenly drawn from the swinging corpse by a low laugh which proceeded from the lips of the Tonkaway, which so surprised him, and his comrades, that they gazed at their Indian friend in silent astonishment, for they never had heard him laugh beared to a smile the smile to a look.

Raven sood before them with folded arms, the laugh changed to a smile the smile to a look.

when time comes—Apache no warrior—they squaws—know nothing."

Again the low, unnatural laugh, more strange coming from one who never indulged in mirth, broke from the lips of the Tonkaway.

The Rangers remained a moment silent from the veriest astonishment and gratification; then they wrung the hand of Raven, and sprung to their look-out at the verge of the timber.

The Apaches were gazing with superstitious awe at the strange fires and the swaying corpse; their whole attention was directed in that direc-

awe at the strange fires and the swaying corpse; their whole attention was directed in that direction, and they had not as yet observed the also very strange sight behind them, of two single men coming like the wind toward them, and three more from another direction.

Big Foot crawled back away from the border of the woods, motioning his comrades to his side in a humid and excited way, and said:

"Cum on, an' git fur ther horses; everything's cummin' out hunk. Hurrah fur our pards! We must be ready to take a hand!"

The whole of the party made fast time for the mustangs, eager to be in at the grand wind-up in prospect.

The whole of the party made rast time for the mustangs, eager to be in at the grand wind-up in prospect.

In the Indian camp, the braves seem to be not only greatly mystified at the unaccountable sights that they see in the river bottom, but their faces show that they attribute the fires, and swinging corpse to supernatural causes, as they do everything they cannot account for.

They now turn their gaze toward the point where the Texans had been, and see plainly that their foes had no hand in the strange appearance, for Big Foot and his party having galloped down beneath the friendly screen of the trees, have resumed their clothing, and taken their former position, leaving their mustangs fully equipped, ready for use.

Big Foot and his comrades could now easily watch the Apaches, and also have a plain view of their several friends, who were coming at great speed over the prairies, toward the band of Apache braves.

Full a mile nearer the Indians, than Reckless Joe and his companions, rode the Red Trailer. He was mounted upon a wild mustang, which he had in some manner captured, and had secured the saddle and bridle from his dead horse. His appearance was more frightful than ever; his clothing was torn in shreds from riding

cured the saddle and ordine from his dead norse.

His appearance was more frightful than ever; his clothing was torn in shreds from riding his half-subdued horse through the brush, and his limbs were scratched and bleeding from the

His wild, piercing eyes were riveted on the Apache camp, and with insane cunning, he was silent, seeming to know that his yells would alarm his enemies, who were not aware of his

approach.
The Indians still gazed with wonder and concern upon the bewildering sights amid the bottom-timber.

tom-timber.

The long soft grass upon the prairie served to deaden the sound of the hoofs of the mustang ridden by the madman; but as he came on to within a quarter of a mile, their experienced ears detected his approach, and instantly all the Indians turned to the new wonder—of a single white man charging madly upon them.

They instinctively coiled up their lariats, but, not fearing any harm from a single horseman, they did not mount. A number drew their bows for use, and others poised their lances; but when the Red Trailer came near enough for them to observe closely his appearance, the arms were lowered, and all gazed in superstitious awe and dread at the new mystery.

When the madman saw that he was observed, his horrible yells filled the air, and his mustang fairly seemed to fly, covered with foam and

fairly seemed to fly, covered with foam and filled with terror.

Making directly into the midst of the Apaches,

they parted and shrunk back in consternation at the demented man now rushing upon them single-handed.

they parted and shrunk back in consternation at the demented man now rushing upon them single-handed.

So strange and unaccountable had been the mysterious fires and the swinging corpse, that the sight of this uncarthly figure was instantly connected with them, by the Indians, and they thinking that the Evil Spirit had certainly pounced upon them, became powerless, until the revolver of the madman sent death amid their rowded ranks; and before they could act on the defensive several had gone to answer for some of their bloody deeds.

Will emptied his six-shooter, then, being without a weapon, he made his frightened mustang plunge in among the terrified braves, wrenched a lance from one and impaled another, who was just drawing an arrow to shoot him at close range; then, reaching down from his saddle, he, with the strength of a giant, seized the Apache chief. Holding him above his head, perfectly powerless from being in the grasp of such a being, the wild rider drove spurs into his mustang, who plunged wildly, snorting with fear, and sprung clear of the war-party, and, unharmed, bounded down the river, disappearing beneath the branches below the point where the Rangers, under Big Foot, were waiting. With wild shouts the Kangers then mounted their horses and stood ready for a charge upon the demoralized Indians.

Instantly after the disappearance of Red Trailer with their chief, the Apaches sprung upon their steeds, and in a huddled mass, uncertain what to do, gazed about them.

To the north-west on came Joe, Tom and without a hat, having something of the same appearance as the madman, and helieved by the Indians to be another evil spirit.

From the river charged Big Foot, Jack, Clown and the Tonkaway.

There was a nument of indexision as the

From the river charged Big Foot, Jack, Clown

From the river charged Big Foot, Jack, Clown and the Tonkaway.

There was a moment of indecision as the Apaches glanced, in increased amazement, at the foes by which they were beset; then, with a fierce yell of desperation, they charged toward the three rangers coming from the north-west, preferring to cut them down rather than meet Kit, the supposed counterpart of Wild Will, to the south

to the south.

But as soon as Reckless Joe and his two comrades saw the Indians coming toward them, they halted and let fly with their rifles, giving them three volleys, one after another in quick succession, which caused such disorder that before they recovered, Kit, with his revolver, dashed entirely through their ranks, and afterward the balls from the party headed by Big Foot in their rear, cut them down like reeds.

Now came the grand charge of all. Kit turn-

"Do fish sleep?" is a scientific question. "If they don't, what are they doing in the river's bed?" is the funny man's addition, and "Because they can't climb a tree," is the universal an-

UTOPIA.

BY WM. W. LONG.

When the soft mists of eventide are falling, And cover with a garment land and sea—
When Memory in her halls seems all enchanted,
In Fancy's flight we dream of thee.

Yes, thro' thy castle halls we wander, Where perfumed lights are softly beaming; And strains of music on the unseen air, Float out in echoes seeming.

Then slowly to the earth returning,
We seem to float upon the ocean's breast;
And thou dost lead us out and onward,
To some fair Isle of Rest.

These magic isles upon a summer sea, Where forms of beauty fill each glade, And wander by the tinkling fountains, And rest beneath the orange shade.

I see the forms and witching faces Of sweet companions of the long ago; Forms that I lest in youth's bright morning, When crushed, my spirit lay in woe.

I reach my hand to clasp in friendship The gentle you'h and blue-eyed maiden: When, oh! the vision quickly fades away-'Tis thou, Utopia, I thought Aiden.

Yet when this earthly pilgrimage is over, Our bodies resting 'neath the sod, Where the pure Son of Righteousness doth hover We may with them dwell in the bowers of God.

Pretty and Proud:

THE GOLD-BUG OF FR'ISCO.

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRA BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUA-KERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII. CHECKMATED.

It was seven o'clock of a bright, cool, starlit Lights were flitting here and there through the two stories of a plain frame dwelling stand-ing quite by itself by the side of the plank road which stretched across a long breadth of Jersey

This "public house" had little patronage, except from the owners of fast horses, who stopped there for a feed for their animals and perhaps a lunch for themselves—certainly always for such refreshment as may be found in a "whisky straight" or a "brandy smash." This evening there appeared to be more to do than usual; the landlady was bustling about from the bar to the kitchen, in which latter place might be found signs of an approaching fact in might be found signs of an approaching feast, in the shape of a good, hot supper, with fresh fish, roast fowl, fried oysters, coffee, and so forth. Down on the marsh, behind the tall flags which rustled dolefully in the autumn wind, three men were crouching.

Driving up the road from the direction of the Driving up the road from the direction of the city came a carriage in which were also three men—one of them wearing the black robe of a priest. This vehicle drew up at the door, and Garrant went out to welcome his guests and to see to the horses which one of the gentlemen had driven, thus making it necessary for the landlord to take the team around and see that his stable-boy did his duty by it.

Mrs. Garrant found the little newsboy, who had been hanging around the place for the last

Mrs. Garrant found the little newsboy, who had been hanging around the place for the last twenty-four hours, very "handy."

She put him in charge of the pan in which the oysters were being fried while she went to attend to the bar. He did the bread-crumbed bivalves to just the right shade of brown, and she was much pleased with his work, promising, on her return to the kitchen, to give him a good supper if he would stay by and help wait on table. The boy said he was willing.

In a few minutes the delicious viands were placed on the table and the trio of gentlemen.

There was only a single bothe of all the table—not a glass of punch, not a mouthful of "Blue Grass," yet long before the comfortable meal was finished the voices of the three grew thick and husky; they looked at each other with stupid, glassy eyes, and presently, one by one, gave signs of some "drowsy sent

sponse.

Then the black-eyed, handsome little chap stole out to the stable and surreptitiously ordered the hostler to harness up, saying that the priest was in a hurry to get back to his home.

The stable-boy obeyed his orders, while he proceeded in the direction of the clump of flags, whistling, or trying to whistle.

Three

whistling, or trying to whistle.

His signal, at all events, was heard. Three dark figures silently arose and stalked forward toward the house, like phantoms, grim and expecules.

toward the house, like phantoms, grim and speechless.

The burly landlord did not regard them as phantoms, however, when they suddenly appeared before him in his own bar-room, each with revolver pointed at his trembling heart, and demanded the key to the room of the young lady whom he had dared keep in durance vile. He determined to resist them, backing into the dining-room and calling for reinforcements; but the three guests, who started up aghast at his summons, sunk back in their chairs again, stupidly.

Trailer's yells burst forth, and he was borne away, he knew not where, and by—he knew not what; man or devil.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

(To be significant for the rescue of Mercedes had succeeded, rescue of Mercedes had s

"I shall persuade her to obey you, dear Maraquita. Good-by. Good-by. Surely we shall see you to-morrow?"

Mercedes looked back wistfully, when she found her friend was not coming, but the horses dashed away at such a rate of speed that she had only a glimpse of the slim figure standing under the light of the lamp in the tavern-yard.

"Who the deuce are you, anyhow?" asked the angry voice of the landlord in Maraquita's ear.
"I reckon I'd better send for the police."

"That would be the worst thing for yourself that you could do. Those persons who came for the young lady are not people to be trifled with. It will not be good for you or your house to have it known that you kept an innocent woman a prisoner here, because two scoundrels paid you for doing it.

"Listen! those guests of yours have taken morphine in their drink—not enough to seriously harm them. Get them quietly to bed. They will be all right in the morning. Now, if you please, I will have that supper your wife promised me, and I, too, will go to bed, for I am wearied out."

"You are the devil's own! I dare say you'll do as you please, my pretfy chan," growled the

You are the devil's own! I dare say you'll

"You are the devil's own! I dare say you'll do as you please, my pretty chap," growled the landlord, who was wise enough to conclude that the boy had given him good advice.

When the boy came out of his room, the following morning, the tavern-keeper and his wife stared in astonishment.

"Well, the tantrums take me, if I don't believe Old Nick has got hold of the house, Sally!" for, instead of the jaunty newsboy, there came down-stairs a handsome girl, dressed in black silk, her long, silken black hair braided down her back, a gold ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, guarded by another set with a great blazing diamond.

left hand, guarded by another set with a great blazing diamond.

"How are the two gentlemen?" she asked, record with the seem to be sleeping mighty heavy, miss. Hope you haven't got me into trouble by giving them an overdose. The priest got up, an hour ago, and went off, feeling rather sick and a good deal puzzled."

"Have your wife make some very strong coffee. When it is ready take it up, wake up the two sleepers, and make them drink freely. They will soon be all right, I assure you. It is now time for them to awaken."

The landlord eyed the black-eyed girl who calmly gave these orders as if she were a witch; then went meekly to obey her.

Maraquita had some of the coffee, too, when it was made, afterward taking a stroll along the monotonous plank-road, returning in about an hour.

"How are the gentlemen by this time?"

How are the gentlemen by this time?"

Awake, but a little sick and dizzy."

In which room is the tall gentleman with the mustache?"
"You had better not go in there; he's in an

I am not afraid of my own husband."

The tavern-keeper was completely taken The tall gentleman, according to his understanding, had been married to the insane lady, whom a party—perhaps from the Lunatic Asylum—had carried off the previous evening.

But he pointed out the room; the lady entered it and closed the door.

Alwayadar was sitting up, in a recking chair.

Alexander was sitting up, in a rocking-chair, looking yellow and drowsy. A dull gleam of hatred came into his eyes when he saw who it

"So! it was you who played me this infernal trick?" It was, Bill. "Do you know I would like to wring your

Dios sabe! I dare say." Where is she?"
Who? Your prisoner—your victim?"
My wife?"

"Maraquita, I really am afraid I shall hurt

man's wit against the Devil's cunning and the woman wins. Oh, you are a sweet one!" and he smiled bitterly.

"But I can make her trouble yet." he continued; "I can accuse her of bigamy."

"You will not do it, Bill. Those are resolute people she is with. You will go back to California, as you ought, and behave yourself. A hundred times I have made up my mind to kill you, Bill Alexander! My love is turned to hate. You have treated me with brutal contempt. But I am your wife. Seel this ring! You cannot help yourself. I do not propose to trouble you by ever reminding you of my existence—unless you attempt to marry. In that case you will hear from me. Good-by. Let me advise you to be careful of your strength—you do not look well. Unless you lead a regular life, you will not live five years. If you should die, it would make me a very rich woman—so try to take care of yourself," and with a scornful laugh, Maraquita waved her hand to him, and went away—where, he neither knew nor cared.

He bit his lins till the blood started, thinking entirely through their ranks, and acceptables from the party headed by Big Foot in their rear, cut them down like reeds.

Now came the grand charge of all. Kit turned his stallion, which had carried him some distance away, and headed again toward the Apaches at the same time that Reckless Joe's party from one side, and Big Foot's band from the other, with their deadly revolvers came down upon the doomed reds like an avalanche, and poured in lead like hall in a norther. Texan yells, war-whoops and death-howls together with death-songs of wounded braves; the sharp volleys of revolvers; the twaing of bowstrings, and hissing of arrows and bullets strangely and horribly blended together.

As the last death-yell broke on the air, as the last death-holl broke on the first once more upon the prairie air, and he went thundering past toward the north, holding the Apache chief up before him.

The chief gave a horrified look at the dead braves, lying in one slaughtered pile on the plain; another of intense hate at the Texans; but this was changed again to horror as the Red out her band, with a charming man horribly blended to ge

LORD HENRY was walking up and down a noble terrace at Essex-court, one of his father's country-seats, with his lovely wife leaning on his arm. They had been married a year and a day, and in that time the only shadow on the sunny splendor of Mercedes's life was her sorrow for the beloved dead, who rested, far away, in reachil (liverywood)

Mercedes was shocked to hear of her father's death; but that it was a heart-breaking grief to her could not be expected. She wept more because she could not feel for him what a daughter should feel, than for any deeper pain.

In a short time, acting under the earl's advice, she sent an agent to look after her interests in California. The news of her immense fortune gave her an eclat, with some, greater than her perfect beauty and charming manners. It was admitted, even by other jealous beauties, that Lord Henry's American wife was no discredit to an old name and an honored position.

Mercedes had written several times to Maraquita, to San Francisco, without ever receiving any answer. About this time, however, a letter came to her, with some faults of spelling and composition, but very precious to my lady for all that. It told her that Maraquita was now happy and contented. "I am living with my husband," it said. "He is ill; he has not been well for some months, and at last he sent for me, saying he felt the need of me; so now I am very happy taking care of him. All the old bad, bitter feelings are put away. The doctor says he thinks Mr. Alexander has a good chance to recover, under my care, and that makes me very happy and contented. Write to me, my sweet friend, my dear young lady, and that will be the next best thing to seeing you. I received your letters, but could not answer them while I was so miserable. Now all is changed, thanks to the blessed Mary Mother.

"Your fond friend, MARAQUITA."

THE END

A New Story by this charming author wil soon be given—a story of a girl's heart life that is singularly fascinating and powerful. "Pretty and Proud," we are pleased to know, has produced after inverse in the property of th duced a fine impression, and, on the Pacific coast particularly, has been read with intense interest. Californians have discovered in it more than one portrait "drawn to the life." In the new romance the keen-eyed author has "struck home" on a family and personal history that will command attention that will command attention.

THOROUGHBRED HORSES

THERE exists in this country the grossest ignor ance as to what constitutes a thoroughbred horse. Nearly every agricultural society in the land has a class in its premium list for thoroughbred horses; and yet few of them have a definite idea as to what is requisite to render a horse eligible in this class. Scores of cases are referred each year to stock indices or to journelists (who are suppresed to judges, or to journalists, (who are supposed to know everything), from the managers of county, State and district societies for a decision as to eligibility; and many of these are cases in which a very slight knowledge of the subject ought to enable the officers of these societies to decide for

In the first place it should be understood that In the first place it should be understood that we derive the term, as well as the breed of horses to which it applies, from our British cousins across the water. The term, when applied to horses, is used to designate one particular breed, and that is the running horse. In England this blood has been kept pure since the reign of Charles II., without any admix-

eligible as a thoroughbred, is not usually regarded as desirable, from the fact that the course of selection which has been practiced by the breeders of thoroughbred horse in England and America, for the last hundred years, has given us a race that is generally considered to be far superior to the Oriental horses of to-day

ble; and nine-tenths of the money spent for postage stamps in writing us for information on this subject would be saved. No pedigree that has Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Abdallah, Morgan, Bellfounder, Hiatoga, Mambrino Chief, Royal George, Patchen, or any other of our prominent trotting sires in it, can belong to a thoroughbred. It may appear strange to some that it is necessary for us to make this statement; yet we have seen premiums awarded in the thoroughbred class to trotting stallions, at both State and county fairs, quite often; and we have known some cases where imported draft-horses have been entered in this class, and were supposed to be eligible. posed to be eligible.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

In regard to the true buffalo range in the

further delay. Circumstances indeed now demand it."

"God bless you, Maraquita! You have been a noble friend to us. If I thought—if I dared I should be the happiest man on the face of the earn of the earn of the face of th and no one would be so rude as to deny that her workmanship is superior.

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Convents of No. 15.

A man's a man for a that Afloat on the ocean, Are thy dreams of me? A perody on Uncle Sam's farm, A wet sheet and a flowing sea, Behind the scenes, Bingen on the Rhine, Call me not back from the echoless shore, Cease thy weeping, sadden'd heart, Come sing to me again,

den'd heart,
Come sing to me again,
Come where my love lies
dreaming,
Cruiskeen lawn,
Dare-devil Dick,
The Indian hunter,
The I

re-devil Dick,
o a good turn when you
can,
o they miss me at home
ttie May,
et your head above the
crowd!

The blue Juniata,
The little old woman,
Too late to go to church,
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! trunch!
Under the starlight,
Unfurl the glorious banner, Oo they miss me at home Ettie May, et your head above the crowd!

orowd!

Give me the girl that is tender and true!
Happy little violets,
Harp of the wild wind,
He had such taking ways I wish I was in Dixie, No. 2.

"Mollie darling,"
My mother's Bible,
Nora darling,
Oh, whistle and I'll come

"Infur! the glorious Dander, was in part of the westington, star of the West,
We st!
We will get jolly as the night wears on,
We wire boys and girls together,
When my ship comes in,
When you wash a nigger white,
What the old cook spar-

white, white, white, what the old cook spar-

to you.
Poor child of the drunk- row said When the the milk goes ard, Ring the bell, watchman, Whoa, Charley. Soda water, Something to love me,

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AT THE CIRCUS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The show had come. She said she'd go.
We went, Miss Jane, my little neighbor;
I paid the fare, two fifty cents;
I saved it up with care and labor.
She held my arm as we passed in,
How fine that hand was, several carats!
My heart was filled with pride and love,
And oh, the monkeys and the parrots!

I think I never shall forget
The evening of that happy Monday;
I felt I was supremely blest,
But then the apes and anaconda!
Her gentle smile it pleased me well,
She was so tender and confiding,
How lovingly I watched her face—
And dog upon the elephant riding!

The bloom was tender on her cheek;
It almost smelt of flowerful closes:
I gazed on it with longing eyes,
And then at the rhinoecroses.
How fast the time went! Sure it seemed
That every moment love was speeding.
The happiness glowed in her eyes,
And oh, the lions and tigers feeding!

We sat down on the barren board;
A throne it seemed, though rather risky;
How gently did she smile on me,
And at the clown so gay and frisky!
I held her hand within my own—
It seemed so natural and handy;
How sweet I felt to see her pleased,
And then the peanuts and the candy!

It seemed to me like love's young dream Which suddenly had grown to real. What could be nicer than her smile And that man tumbling like a wheel! To far-imagined nectar turned The lemonade which we were quaffing. How earnestly I mused on her Until the clown set me to laughing!

The pride I felt that blessed night
Was worth long years of waiting, praying;
There was a music in her laugh,
And then the band so sweetly playing.
Indeed it seemed a gala night
In which all longing hours had centered;
My thoughts enfolded little Jane
Until the riding lady entered.

To know that she was by my side
Was joy, although the air was torrid;
I was enwrapped in dreamful bliss,
But ob, that horse and pistol horrid!
I seemed in an exalted state,
From which I never would be humbled;
said I: "Dear little Jane, my heart
Is—" then the seats beneath us tumbled!

She spoiled her hat, and bumped her nose; It seemed that me all bruises singled; Such closeness of humanity I think was seldom seen commingled. To gain her sweet forgiveness With tenderest love I tried to bribe her; She went and joined the Methodists. Eschewing shows—and the subscriber.

Tales of an Army Officer.

DEATH OF YELLOW HAND.

BY CAPT. SATTERLEE PLUMMER.

I HAVE known "Buffalo Bill" for years, and that he was one of the best scouts on the plains was well aware, but had never seen his courage tested until I witnessed his killing of the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand, a year ago the

past June.
The Fifth United States cavalry were under orders to scout between the agencies called Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, and to drive in all In-dians who were leaving those reservations to

dians who were leaving those reservations to join the Sioux, or depredate on emigrants on their way to the Black Hills.

Buffalo Bill was our chief of scouts, and we could not have had a better, for there was not an officer in the command who did not have perfect confidence in Bill's judgment.

We were camped on Hart Creek, about forty miles from Red Cloud, and within sight of what is known as Sheridan's Pass, and had just had breakfast, and "boots and saddles" had sounded, when, "lickyty-split," in came Frank White, one of the scouts, and rode up to the general. the general.
"Well, sir, what's the matter?"

he jig is up, general! The Injuns are in Fother side of the range. Haven't seen

How far off are they?"

How far off are they?"

Send Cody to me!'
All right, sir."

Away went White* after Buffalo Bill. The general at once gave orders to stop all noise in camp, no firing of pistols or carbines, to put out the fires at once and that the command would "stand to horse" at ease.

Buffalo Bill reported while the general was divised the above orders and was the above or the above or

giving the above orders, and was told at once to ride out and bring in a report as to the Indians, their number, position, and the best manner of making an attack upon them.

Bill was gone about twenty minutes, when he returned at a run, and as soon as he got in sight motioned to the general to ioin him.

Bli was gone about twenty minutes, when he returned at a run, and as soon as he got in sight motioned to the general to join him.

When we reached the top of a little divide, that separated us from Hart Creek proper, we saw what Bill meant. About a mile and a half from where we were we could plainly see two couriers on the Spotted Tail trail coming at a hard gallop; in a gulch about a quarter of a mile from them were a party of twenty Indians who were, we could plainly see, about to head them off. The couriers were entirely unconscious of the near proximity of their enemies, and, unless they were aided, would certainly lose their hair. We ourselves were out of sight from either party, and had a splendid view of the maneuvers of our red brothers. Bill said:

"Let me go for them with the scouts, general."

"All right; you shall; but, wait until they get opposite where we are; the couriers are safe Bill at once formed his scouts, and in a few

words told them what they had to do, viz:

"As soon as we strike them they will scatter.

Now you, Buck, take the one going to the right, the furthest, and so on; each man go for his Indian, and don't let up! Bring hair, every one of you!"

of you!"
At that minute the general yelled out:
"Now at them, Bill, and give them crimson!"
With yells such as only a frontiersman can
make, away went our brave scouts, we following after them. It was the prettiest sight I
have ever seen. The morning was bright and
beautiful—not a cloud in the sky to attract the eye heavenward; and yet forty men would soon be engaged in a deadly conflict which could only end in one way, for the general had ordered a troop of cavalry to follow, in case the scouts got the worst of it, but no one believed they would

As soon as the scouts yelled, the Indians saw

As soon as the scouts yelled, the Indians saw them, and with an answering yell, broke. Then it was each man after his Indian, as Bill had directed, and there was no flunking! You bet!

I followed Bill Cody, and being well mounted kept quite near him. He was after two Indians, finely mounted, whose trappings and head-dresses bespoke them chiefs. As they went around a small rise, Bill saw a chance to head them. It was to jump his horse across a gulch, which was sheer down twenty feet, and was at least fifteen feet wide, with crumbling banks. I was following him at such speed that I could not check my horse, so let him have his head, and with a "Good-by, sweetheart," shut my eyes and found myself over, and, at that minute, heard the ominous whiz of a bullet, a yell, followed by another shot, and then saw that Bill was off his horse and within sixty feet of the Indians, and that one of their horses was down, and that the Indian was try-

* White, known as "Buffalo Chip," always went with "Buffalo Bill." He was killed on 11th Septem-ber, 1876, at battle of "Slim Butts."

ing to release himself from it. The Sioux always tie themselves on, so in case they are killed or wounded they will be carried off. Then a shot from Bill's "old reliable" put an end to his attempt. His comrade tried to make off, when down went his horse. Bill called out to me: "Catch my horse cautein please!" and me: "Catch my horse, captain, please!" and dropping his rifle ran on, the Indian's re-volver in one hand and bowie in the other; and he did not give them time to sing more than one note of their death-songs before their bloody scalps adorned his belt. "Yellow Hand" and "White Knife" had started on their way toward their "their ("honey butting grounds")

The pursuit of the main body of the Indians many a blue-coat and red-skin bit the dust before night, with its sable dress, fell, and put an

end to the fighting.

The Indians took advantage of the darkness to escape to the Reserve, and a force sufficient to keep them there was left by the general, when we at once struck out for the Big Horn country, guided by Buffalo Bill.

The Ride of Lucky Dan.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

The mining town which gloried in the not euphonious name of Thunder Gulch had for its nearest neighbor a place of more pretentious limits called Jasper City. Twenty miles of probably the wildest road to be found in our far Western-country intervened between the towns, which, strange to say, were not rivals.

Jasper City had a town hall, theaters, pretentious business blocks, and a park. The few magnates who dwelt within its limits were men of much wealth, whose speculations in silver had made them independent—veritable American nabobs. Thunder Gulch was owned by these men, who lived in splendid style at Jasper, while their vast mines at the smaller place were worked under the supervision of trusted agents.

were worked under the supervision of trusted agents.

Among the nabobs above mentioned was a dandified-looking man of thirty-six, whose many fortunate speculations had gained for him the sobriquet of Lucky Dan. He owned much property in Jasper, and held the controlling interest in the mines at Thunder Gulch. Always dressed in glossy and faultless broadcloth, with a pair of light lavender kids on his soft, womanlike hands, with his wealth of dark hair profusely pomatumed, and other signs of the dandy on his person, he never failed to attract attention. His business letters were indited on initial paper, and he had a habit of affixing the stamp in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope with mathematical precision.

This perfumed ladies'-man was the owner of millions in productive stock, and whether in his

millions in productive stock, and whether in his elegant office, or at the mines, which he occasionally visited, he was the same Beau Brummell, much to the disgust of the many rough, style-hating men who were obliged to have business intercourse with him.

As the months were away the fortune of

As the months wore away the fortune of Lucky Dan increased at a rate that threatened to make him the great American nabob of the century. His style of living and personal adornment kept pace with his run of fortune.

But while this daintily gloved, handsome Crosus—for Lucky Dan was a latter-day Apollo Belvidere—ruled in Jasper, an evil genius came to Thunder Gulch. He was a little dark-eyed man who possessed a magnetism that was truly wonderful. He added a new and gilded palace of vice to the several which already flourished at the mining town, and, by his cunning arts, soon held the greater part of the custom.

his cuming arts, such that the greater part of the custom.

Affairs soon assumed a new aspect at the gulch. The miners, pleased with the suave manners of "the Don," as the new-comer was called, spent their nights, with their earnings, at his spacious gardens, and listened to his dissertations on the evil of upholding "one-man power." "The Don" was eloquent, logical and convincing. He succeeded in sowing the seeds of communism among the toilers of Thunder Gulch, and one night the evil culminated in the firing of the vast woodwork of the richest lode, and the death of the overseer, who, true to his master, had opposed the fury of the mob.

Thunder Gulch was in a state of excitement. Riot of the fiercest description reigned on her streets, and the few women who lived there

streets, and the few women who lived there kept their precious bodies within doors.

During all this time "the Don" stood behind his polished counter and dispensed drinks to the men transformed by his subtle cunning into fiends. Threats to hang Lucky Dan from a boom in the second of the latest the second of the latest the second of the latest the la

beam in the main mine were openly indulged in, and thousands of dollars' worth of valuable ore, with much silver in bars, were flung into the burning shafts.

At last word reached Thunder Gulch that Lucky Dan was approaching from Jasper City at the head of a thousand armed men. The report sobered many a miner, but did not render him the less vicious. Preparations were made to receive the force, and the little army that was mustered in the riot-rent mining-town contained all the elements of the Commune.

Let us see who was coming to meet this legion

of devils.

Lucky Dan, the "swell nabob," heard of the startling state of affairs while enjoying a game of ecarte with perfumed cards in his office. The messenger gave him a graphic, though uncouth description of the destruction of the shaft, and ventured that nothing short of a little army could stay the riot.

ventured that nothing short of a little army could stay the riot.

After dismissing the man the nabob resumed the game, playing it out as if the loss of millions had not reached his ears. Then he ordered a horse saddled and brought to the office.

He said to a friend that he was going to attend to "a bit of business at the gulch," and rode unattended away. His only visible weapons were two exquisitely-silvered revolvers fastened to a belt around his body. His only change of dress was the substituting of the plug hat for a broad-brimmed beaver; he still wore the light lavender kids.

It was getting dusk when Lucky Dan entered

It was getting dusk when Lucky Dan entered upon the true mountain road. For several miles it permitted him to proceed at a brisk gallop, and then his steed was obliged to lesser

The man filled the saddle with the grace of an

The man filled the saddle with the grace of an equestrian king. Lucky Dan's horsemanship had often excited the admiration and envy of the people of Jasper City.

Nine miles out of Jasper two men stood near the road evidently lying in wait for some person expected from the city. They looked like miners and carried the deadly Winchester rifle at a "ready." When they heard the tramp of Lucky Dan's horse they exchanged meaning looks.

"Let no one pass from Jasper—that's the Don's orders," said one. "Stand aside, Tom, I'll pink this fellow as soon as he comes between

stepping boldly into the mountain road, at that spot darkened by the shadows of the cliffs that rose above it, the man waited for the appearance of the coming horseman.

The stillness of the lonely autumn night rendered the sound of ironed hoofs reversed the sound.

dered the sound of ironed hoofs musically dis-tinct, and at length the phantom-like form of a horse and his rider rose against the full disk of

The red-shirted miner raised the rifle and

The red-shirted miner raised waited.

"Now!" whispered his impatient companion, "let him have it full in the breast."

An instant later the mountains resounded with the report of a rifle, and the victim fell forward on the neck of his steed, which, with a snort of affright, bounded on.

The assassin uttered a cry of terror as the horse sprung forward, and barely escaped with his life, as he went past the ambush like a cannon ball.

"Great heavens, Strong! who did you shoot?" cried one of the men, grasping his companion's arm.
The murderer looked wild.

"It was Lucky Dan! Can't you smell the perfume what he wears on his clothes?"

Strong looked up; the atmosphere was laden with the merchandise of the perfumer's shop; but another scent was fast mingling with it—that of freshly-spilled blood.

"Lucky Dan it was! But, Tom, we've been under his iron heel long enough. That's what 'the Don' says, and he's opened our eyes!"

The men looked down the rough road; the horse had disappeared, but the ring of his hoofs came back to them.

Lying on the proud neck of the beautiful

Lying on the proud neck of the beautiful beast, with his blood matting the long gray mane, the stricken nabob of Jasper City appeared to be dead.

ed to be dead.

He showed no signs of life until his horse had put five miles between him and the ambush. Then he straightened himself in the saddle, and gritting his teeth, kept his position there.

"I'll pay the dogs for this!" he said, in a voice rendered husky by the ball from the Winchester. "I wonder if the bullet went clean through?"

He entered upon another stretch of meonlight.

He entered upon another stretch of moonlight as he uttered the last words, and his horse, at a word, slackened his gait until it became a walk. Then he tore open the elegantly-studded shirt front, and displayed to his gaze the terrible

wound.

It was bleeding afresh, and at each throb of his heart the warm current of life spurted over the ragged edges of the flesh.

"I'll stop the flow till I get to the gulch!" he

He drew a dainty silk handkerchief from his bosom, and with admirable stoicism crowded it into the wound. It had the desired effect, and seemed to strengthen him. On, on went Lucky Dan, gradually nearing

Day was breaking when a pale-faced, hatless man rode down the hill that rose above the northern side of the mining town. He carried a beautiful revolver in each hand, and his eagle eye, sweeping the scene before him, flashed at eight of a column of dark smoke ascending to

the sky.

It was the smoke of the burning shafts!

Then he turned his gaze upon the little town nestling, as it were, at his very feet.

When he entered upon the main street, and saw the result of riot and disorder that prevailed everywhere, he uttered an exclamation of anger

anger.
Half-way up the street stood the gorgeous sin-hole of "the Don," conspicuous by the gaudy front and sign that distinguished it above its

Lucky Dan rode slowly toward it, and at ength, facing the structure, commanded his

The sounds of revel, kept up through the night, came from beyond the door.
"Halloo!" shouted Lucky Dan, in as loud a tone as his lungs would allow. "Come out, cutthroats, and show yourselves to Dan Wellington!"

Almost instantly the door was flung wide, and the habitues of "The Saints' Repose" poured promiscuously forth. Cries of astonishment, intermingled with re-

bellious curses, greeted Lucky Dan's recognition by the malcontents. They saw the bloody hand-kerchief peeping from the horrid wound, and knew that it held his life back.

"You're a set of mean dogs!" Lucky Dan

Solution as set of mean dogs: Lucky Dansaid, sternly, eying the miners, headed by "the Don" in person. "I came here on business—to put an end to this trouble, and to see you go back to the lodes before I leave. I give you two minutes to hold up your hands and swear to should be should The nabob took out a gold watch, whose cases

glittered with diamonds, and laid it on the flat horn of the saddle.

The seconds ticked away; the flends of Thunder Gulch did not move; but looked into each other's faces. "The Don" seemed undecided, and felt the eyes of many upon him.

"Time up!" cried Lucky Dan, with a suddenness that sent hard hands to many a pistol belt. "Gentlemen, we will proceed to business."

Like a flash the two deadly revolvers went up from the nabob's side, and their reports, blended into one, startled the mob.

"The Don" and another man, his co-conspirator, went backward, shot through the brain! glittered with diamonds, and laid it on the flat

"The Don" and another man, his co-conspirator, went backward, shot through the brain!

"Boys, I mean business!" Lucky Dan said to the frightened men as the fatal weapons were ready to belch forth death again from their steely chambers. "I'm going to suppress this lawlessness if I have to fill the graveyard in the hollow! What are you going to do? I'll wait minute!"

A smile of which are the rope twice around the base of a tree close by, and turned to Ellsworth. "Now as I take in the slack do you draw in on the rope. It must be perfectly taut."

Without a question Olney did as he was ordered, and soon the rope was at a level and well strained. "Now pull off your shoes. You must walk that rope, or die! Quick; 'tis a choice 'twixt'

geon.

He lingered long on the edge of life; but finally triumphed, and at last, in kids and broadcloth, galloped back to Jasper City again!

From the day of the thrilling events just narrated to the time of his departure for the seat in Congress which he filled with honor, there was not a man at Thunder Gulch who would not have died for Lucky Dan!

ANNIE'S CHOICE.

BY C. A. DEE.

I love a sailor, and he loves me too; I love a soldier, who swears he'll be true; And another from whom I need not part, As he is the one that's nearest my heart. When the sailor is gone, the soldier too, My home-staying lover will still be true. My mind is settled; I know my part, The nearest beau is the surest heart.

Twixt Life and Death.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

"We give Palermo ten days to return with the ransom for your life!" said Red Ramon, the cruel brigand chief and notorious footpad, to the pale, intellectual young man who sat upon a rocky bowlder which rested on a giant plateau or ledge up among the mountains. "Your father is a wealthy stock-raiser, and can well afford to pay a thousand dollars for your life. Otherwise, your head will be cut off for a football, and your body cast over the precipice."

Then the Mexican turned away, and entered the cavern at the back of the plateau, leaving the prisoner alone and to his bitterest reflections. "WE give Palermo ten days to return with

Olney Ellsworth was the son of a rich New Mexican cattle-raiser, and for the benefit of his health, which had been wrecked by hard study, head come up into the nearest range of mountains adjacent to his father's ranch for the purpose of recruiting himself by a month of hunting and "roughing." But, to-day, when only two days away from home, it had been his illuck to fall into the clutches of the cruel Mexican brigand, Red Ramon.

Evidently his centure had been prepredicted.

Evidently his capture had been premeditated, for the chief recognized him, and at once dispatched a courier to Colonel Ellsworth, for the

purpose of extorting ransom.

And in the meantime, Olney was given the freedom of the plateau, from which there was no show of escape, except through the cavern retreat of the outlaws; for above him rose a sheer wall of smooth rock, while below him yawned a frightful abys, the bottom of which was many hundred feet deep, down in the mazes of the tangled web of a mountain dead-fall.

Thus the situation stood, at the time of our narrative, with a terrible fate in store for the prisoner should the ransom money not be forthcoming at the end of the allotted time, for Red Ramon was notorious for his fiendish cruelty and unflinching rigor. He never made a promise but he kept it; he never made an enemy but he struck at him.

And young Ellsworth had apprehensions for the worst to come, for he knew his father to be one of those stern old spirits who would rather inaugurate a campaign against an enemy, any

inaugurate a campaign against an enemy, any time, than to yield one of those "almighty dollars," of which he had so many stored away. And Olney came to a decision that he should not wait and run the chances. Too much risk was involved; he must rescue himself.

He arcse and paced to and fro across the pla-teau, using his eyes sharply about him. There was but one way that escape could in any way be effected, and it was hours before he discover-

Across the yawning abyss, which was not more than thirty feet in width, at this point, was a twin plateau or rocky ledge, from which escape could be made by passing over a rim, and going down the opposite side of the mountain. But how could this intervening gulch be bridged over? Thirty feet were there; no man could leap that distance.

could leap that distance.

"I see no hope!" he muttered, sadly, after an hour of devotion to the project; no way was opened up. "I shall have to wait for the ran-

som."
"But that, even, will not procure your liberty, for after getting it, Red Ramon will demand more, and kill you if it is not forthcoming!" spoke a low, sweet voice.

Young Ellsworth uttered a sharp exclamation, and whirled around to behold a young maiden standing near.

maiden standing near.
She was remarkably pretty in face, and her form faultless. It took but a glance to convince the prisoner that, like himself, she was an

American.

"Who are you?" he interrogated, half admiringly. "Why are you here?"

"I am Eulalia, the lieutenant's daughter," was the reply. "I have come to talk with you. Do you wish to escape before the courier, Paler-

mo, returns?"
"Yes! yes! I wish to get out of this quickly!" was the eager reply. "Can you help

Undoubtedly; but it would be death to me should my agency in your escape be suspected. I know these brigands better than any one else.

I know these brigands better than any one else. Be quiet; I will come at dark."

Then, like a fairy vision, the girl vanished in the cavern. Ellsworth watched her until she had disappeared, then threw himself upon the ground, and dropped off into a light sleep.

Night had begun to steal with shadowy somberness over the mountains when he awoke, and found that Eulalia had not yet put in her promised appearance.

promised appearance.
What could be the cause of her delay? Had she been deceiving him?
No; he could not believe that; she had good-

ess and truth too plainly inscribed in her pret-"She will come!" he muttered, anxiously, peering around. "But, I cannot see how I can

peering around. "But, I cannot see how I can escape unless like Aladdin's genii she can cause a hedge to be built across that gulf."

The moments flew slowly by, and darkness was growing thicker, when, to the prisoner's relief, Eulalia stole out upon the plateau.

She dragged after her a large coil of strong lasso rope, which she had in some way secured.

"We shall have to work quick," she whispered, "for Red Ramon may come to pay you a visit at any moment."

visit at any moment."

With her fair white hands she rapidly formed one end of the lasso into a slipping noose, and then gathered the remainder of it in her left

'In heaven's name, what do you propose to Ellsworth demanded, his curiosity are "I'm going to put the nose of my lasso around the stump you see on yonder ledge!" she replied, and then bracing back she hurled the rope with all her strength across the abyss.

Like an air-serpent it shot zig-zag through space, and then the noose settled about the

was suppressed!

Lucky Dan was master of the situation. The gloved, perfumed, dandified man was a lion; he could suppress a riot raised by men whose lives proclaimed them fearless of death, as well as play ecarte, and spend his easily-gotten thousands.

He restored law to Thunder Gulch before the sun went down. The two men who waylaid him on the mountain road were promptly hanged, and the miners went back to the shafts.

Not until then did Lucky Dan consult a surgeon.

He lingered long on the edge of life; but finally triumphed, and at last, in kids and broadcloth, galloped back to Jasper City again! life and death!" she cried.
Ellsworth did not hesitate; he pulled off his

fell in with his father and a party of herders, who were coming to his rescue. Ellsworth has not since seen Red Ramon or Eulalia, but he hopes some day to meet her t whose assistance he escaped a promised death.

Europe to American Eyes.

MR. WILLIAM ADAMS, now on the continent gives rapid but effective sketches of cities, peo ple and things that come under his observation. From his last letter we may quote these interest ing paragraphs:

ing paragraphs:

"In passing through Belgium Americans are impressed with the thrift and industry exhibited by the people, together with their manners and customs. Traversing this fertile country a fence will not be visible for leagues, the only line of demarcation being a hedge or row of trees. Abounding in sloping hillsides and gentle undulating valleys dotted with woodland, checkered fields and occasionally a narrow stream, the landscape views of this section are truly picturesque. On every hand women are to be seen in the field cutting with a peculiarly-shaped scythe or binding the grain, their feet protected by wooden shoes and the head with a white or pink handkerchief tied under the chin. Men's suits are of blue jean material, with a skirt bound around the waist, looking novel and odd in the extreme.

in the extreme.

"Brussels is reached late in the afternoon, a city of fashionable resort, and said to resemble Paris in gayety and the manners of the people. The sidewalks of its leading thoroughfares are not wide enough for two persons to pass, pedestrians resorting to the streets, which are as clean as a waxed floor and are generally very smooth. Americans who wonder at this constant smooth. Americans who wonder at this custom at first, in strolling through the city soon abandon the narrow walk for the ease and comfort of the street."

Passing on to Cologne, after visiting the old field of Waterloo, he finds in the great cathedral much to command attention—one of the most magnificent buildings in the world; he sees the old, old church of St. Ursula with its cabinets of skulls and ceiling of human bones—its precious relies of two thorns from the crown of thorns that the Savior wore—its vase in which the water was turned to wine, etc, etc.; and then the tour up the Rhine is entered upon. Always of deepest interest is this route. Of what one sees he says:

struction; while adjacent looms up the spire of some old church, built in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and its surrounding graveyard of ancient monuments."

At the noble old city of Cobleatz the tourist strikes the Moselle—the beautiful Moselle, famed in song and story. Mr. Adams writes:

"Coblentz is an important point of the Rhine, at its conjunction with the beautiful Moselle, its fortifications on the opposite side being impregnable, and termed the 'Gibraltar of the Rhine.' A delightful drive may be had to the base of the Stozienfels, where we take donkeys to the castle, nearly 400 feet above. This ancient castle was built in the thirteenth century, but was afterward destroyed by the French. The town of Coblentz presented it as a relic to William IV., then Crown Prince, over fifty years ago, who expended half a million dollars on its restoration. It is magnificently furnished; paintings and curiosities of interest in every apartment, and its floors waxed so beautifully that visitors are required to put on overshoes, resembling moccasins, to avoid marring or scratching the delicate flooring.

"We visited also the palace, the summer residence usually of the Empress Queen, who has been prevented from occupying it this season since the attempted assassination of the Emperor. Ehrenbreitstein, with its extensive fortifications also claimed our attention. Its hight is 400 feet, and the finest view of the Rhine and its surroundings may here be obtained."

400 feet, and the finest view of the Rhine and its surroundings may here be obtained."

The journey, however, is not up the Moselle but on up the "storied Rhine," passing places memorable for their historic associations or their local beauty, until Mainz is reached—of which the traveler says:

"At Mainz we visited its cathedral, founded in the tenth century, but which has been frequently burnt and destroyed. This ancient cathedral is considered as one of the grandest in Germany, and during the French war of 1814 was used as a slaughter-house. Near the entrance to the cathedral is a statue of Guttenberg, and at another point one of Schiller. The berg, and at another point one of Schiller. The Main flows into the Rhine at this place, and the main flows into the Khine at this place, and the city is inclosed within a heavy wall thirty feet high. It was founded by the Romans B. C. 14. The citadel, which we visited, is an ancient Roman relic, and remains of a Roman aqueduct are to be seen outside of the city."

Of Strasburg, old Strasburg, so alive with recent romance, he says:

recent romance, he says:

"Strasburg was of interest to us on account of the siege it passed through during the late war, the marks of shells being now discernible on the cathedral. In its basement nearly fifty priests concealed themselves for safety; throughout the city people resorted to the cellar, over two thousand dying from privation and want of food during those dark days of the siege. The cathedral was built in the early part of the eleventh century and was finished in the fifteenth. Aside from its valuable collections of soulptures and paintings, it contains the most wonderful clock in the world, built forty years ago. It is a great attraction, especially at noon ago. It is a great attraction, especially at noon of each day, when the bird flaps it wings and

Beat Time's Notes.

THERE is nothing so certain as uncertainty. It is an ill-wind that don't blow your enemy

Towns in the Arctic regions are called Ice-

OLD foxes want no tutors, and young foxes want no tooters, too.

THE hollower the head the more noise it

Many a young man's hopes go awry at the appearance of a rival. An old broom sweeps a husband cleaner out of the house than a new one.

Consistency is a jewel, and some jewels have the consistency of paste. MANY men of many minds; it would be better if some men had only one.

THERE is one consolation: bald-headed men

THE colonel who arranged the pontoons deeved to be made a Bridge-adier.

My wife says that I am Impatience on a mon-ment—she says it in a tombs-tone.

NEVER have two faces under one hood. Girls, emember this, and take off your hood.

Man proposes and woman disposes—when an-ther fellow with more money is around. Make hay while the sun shines, but make haste after the sun goes down this hot weather.

as lucky as a man who is clear of conscience en-A YOUNG lady out West advertises for sealed proposals, with the right reserved to reject any or all bids.

A MAN who has a clear conscience is almost

Clubs are always trumps in a free fight. Hearts are trumps only when there is a woman

in the case.

"WE the jury find the defendant guilty of being not guilty," was the way it was lately handed in.

THERE is a saloon-keeper named Sheriff, and Sheriff's ale is what all men in that neighborhood prefer. "SIR," said he, indignantly, "you have no shame." "No," said the other, "but you have plenty of it."

THE fellow who lost both limbs in a railroad accident certainly felt that he was considerably limited for life.

those on whom you bestow your favors forget to boast of them. A man who was noted for having a relative hung, said he died from having his cravat ar-ranged too tight.

BOAST not of the favors you bestow-unless

REJOICE not when an enemy stumbleth—unless at the time he happens to be after you with a club; then give thanks with all your might.

He was walking along thinking of the Potter investigation and carrying a paper sack full of eggs when the eggs crawled out suddenly, and—he saved the sack.

Now is the time when the small barefooted boy gingerly watcheth where he steppeth, and as he goes fast he exhibits a good deal of sagacity in avoiding surreptitious pieces of glass.

THERE is a man out West whose ears are getting ahead of him, and there is now but little head to get, too. When he goes to bed he doesn't have to yell down to the landlady to bring up more covers.

deepest interest is this route. Of what one sees he says:

"The fertile slopes on either side abound in carefully-trained vines on poles, luxuriant gardens, and far above, extending back from rocky promontories, ancient ruined castles and lofty watch-towers. Villages, containing nar-